

BATHING GIRL  
NUMBER

# Life

PRICE 10 CENTS  
VOL. LVIII, NO. 1503. AUGUST 17, 1911  
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THE FINISHING TOUCH.

# HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH



*A car of French design of the very latest fashion.  
Design protected by letters patent.*

- The "Patrician" — 100-inch wheel base; 30 cell, 13 plate Exide Hycap battery; \$2,150 f.o.b. Detroit.
- The "Regent" — 86-inch wheel base; 27 cell, 11 plate Exide Hycap battery; \$1,750 f.o.b. Detroit.
- The "Torpedo" — Open top car; folding top, windshield and lamp equipment; \$1,050 f.o.b. Detroit.

In the past six months the Hupp-Yeats has shown that the public was ready to welcome a new type of electric car. With its low-hung body, its curve of roof, and slope of hood—radical changes from accepted design—it presents rare beauty.

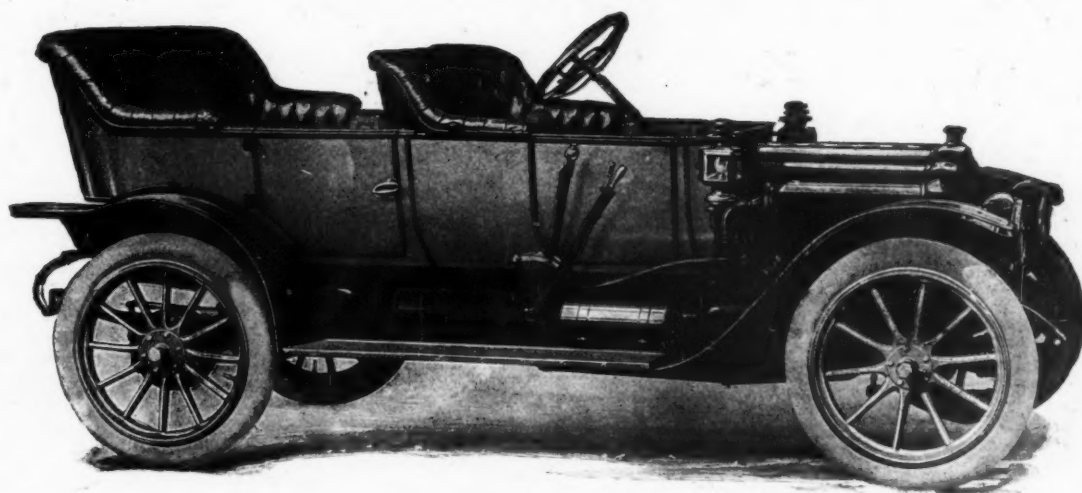
Moreover, the new construction gives to the user an electric proof against the common danger of skidding and overturning.

That buyers of electric cars were quick to perceive and appreciate the advantages and the safety of the Hupp-Yeats is evidenced by the fact that, in practically the half year of its existence, more than 300 of these cars have gone into owners' hands.

Thus the Hupp-Yeats has earned a distinction which, we believe, has come to no other electric in substantially the first six months of its production.

**HUPP CORPORATION, 110 Lycaste St., Detroit, Michigan**

BRANCHES: BUFFALO, 1225 Main Street; CHICAGO, 2615 Michigan Avenue; CLEVELAND, 1902 East 13th Street; DENVER, 1620 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Avenues; KANSAS CITY, 34th and Broadway; LOS ANGELES, 816 S. Olive Street; MINNEAPOLIS, 1334 Nicollet Avenue; PHILADELPHIA, 330 N. Broad Street.



## The Final Test of a Car—Results

**S**UMMED up in every possible way, what the prospective purchaser of a motor car wants to know is—what can I do with the car before me? The kind of engine determines the power and economy of operation—the kind of transmission determines the ease with which one gets over the road—the size of the tires and wheels determines the comfort of riding—the compression release makes the car easy to crank—the cylinders being cast en bloc makes the engine simple and easy to care for, but all this mechanical description means nothing to the buyer if the car won't run—if it can't climb a hill—if it can't go where he wants it to go and come back—if it costs so much to go and come back that he can't afford to own it. So it is the results you want—the story of operation that you must have.

## Some White Gasoline Car Results

There are hundreds of White owners who are getting enjoyment out of every spare moment of their lives—they are taking trips they have never taken before—enjoying scenery never viewed before—getting out of life more than life has meant to them heretofore; and yet, from Maine to Texas, from ocean to ocean, there comes but one story from them all—a story of enjoyment made doubly enjoyable because it costs so little. Every White owner talks to you of performance—every White owner talks to you of economy—there is not an owner of a White gasoline car to whom we could not refer you as a prospective buyer of one. Why?—because they are getting twenty miles as an average on a gallon of gasoline with a White “30”—because of the moderate size and weight of the car, their tire expense is abnormally low—because the car is so well built that there is practically no such thing as repair bills.

Possibly it's the kind of car you want—if so, write to-day for a 1912 announcement and the testimonials of owners.

The White  Company

852 East 79th Street, Cleveland





## Have You Ever Been Jilted?

Have you ever taken all the sentiment and lonesomeness in your consciousness, all the heart throbs and longings you ever possessed and deposited them recklessly but confidently with a sweet young thing with a far away look and a rapturous smile, and then gone around the next day to collect the interest and been informed that there was a run on the bank and had the doors close in your face?

Never mind. While there's **LIFE** there's hope. Full directions with the next number, telling you what to do in every emergency. Also instructions (below) about availing yourself of our special offer and insuring your happiness for three months to come.

### That Contest

Announcement of winner in **LIFE**'S great picture contest will be made in next week's issue. This is only the first of a series of pictures which we will publish during the late summer and autumn.

All News-stands  
Every Tuesday.  
Ten Cents

Subscription \$5.00 Canadian \$5.52 Foreign \$6.04

### Don't Wait, Ladies and Gentlemen

Obey that impulse, and take advantage of our special three months' offer. Lead the dollar Life. Performance begins every Tuesday.

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send **LIFE** for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.  
*This offer is not.*

Life, 17 West 31, N. Y. City



## A Victim of Sanity

"Love for our native land is dead,"  
The man with listless whiskers said,  
And sadly shook his doleful head  
The while he grumbled.  
"No more we see the patriot  
Who would dare sword and shell and  
shot—  
The olden spirit now is not,"  
He sourly mumbled.

"I shudder often when I think  
Of how we've let ideals sink,  
We're trembling right now on the brink  
Of dissolution!  
Ah, friends, I often almost weep,  
And many nights I cannot sleep  
For thinking how we fail to keep  
The Constitution!

"There is no feeling any more  
That sends a thrill from shore to  
shore—  
The banner our forefathers bore—  
We used to cheer it.  
But now with patriotism dead,"  
Again he shook his doleful head,  
"Into what silent void has sped  
Our ancient spirit?

"Ah, in the days when I was young  
The old flag to the breeze was flung  
And patriot songs were given tongue  
By loyal people;  
The Fourth we celebrated right,  
We kept it up from morn till night,  
And bells were rung with main and  
might  
From every steeple.

"But now our country love is dead,"  
The man with listless whiskers said  
While bitter tears he freely shed.  
I tried a feeler.  
"What makes the man so tearful eyed?  
Why does this gloom with him abide?"  
"Oh, he's," our posted friend replied,  
"A fireworks dealer."  
—Chicago Post.

## Chicago Automobile Club Journal

(Official Touring Medium of the West)  
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

## Maps and Route Details in every Issue

Complete and accurate touring data regarding  
any route to any place from the

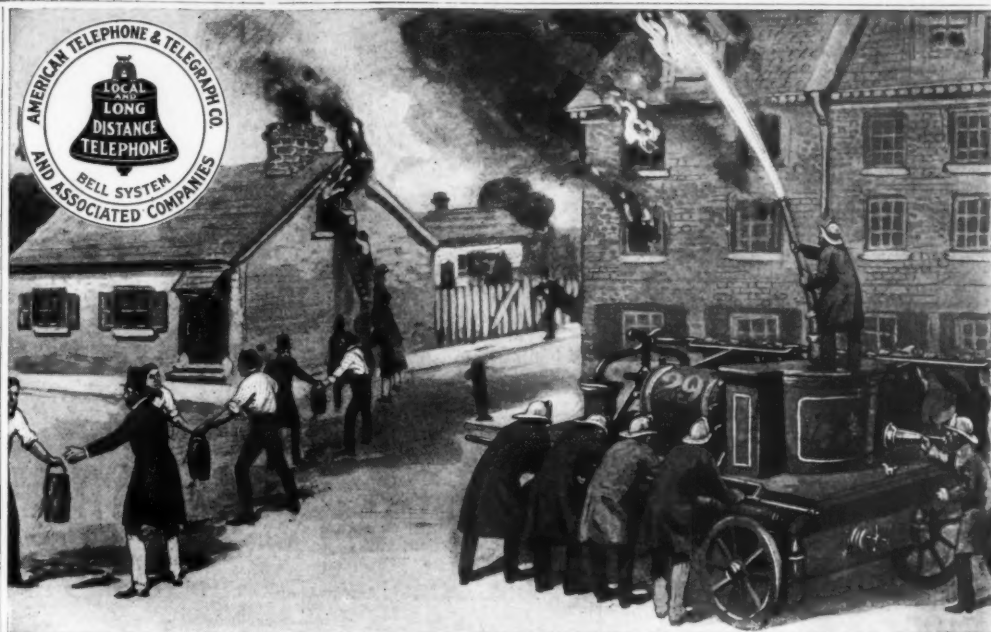
## Bureau of Tours

of the Chicago Automobile Club

You can get a wealth of touring information  
unobtainable elsewhere by subscribing for the

## Chicago Automobile Club Journal

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR  
321 Plymouth Court Chicago, Ill.



## Fire Fighting and Telephoning

### Both Need Team Work, Modern Tools and an Ever Ready Plant, Everywhere

Twenty men with twenty buckets can put out a small fire if each man works by himself.

If twenty men form a line and pass the buckets from hand to hand, they can put out a larger fire. But the same twenty men on the brakes of a "hand tub" can force a continuous stream of water through a pipe so fast that the bucket brigade seems futile by comparison.

The modern firefighter has gone away beyond the "hand tub." Mechanics build a steam fire engine, miners dig coal to feed it, workmen build reservoirs and lay pipes so that each nozzleman and engineer is worth a score of the old-fashioned firefighters.

The big tasks of today require not only team work but also modern tools and a vast system of supply and distribution.

The Bell telephone system is an example of co-operation between 75,000 stockholders, 120,000 employees and six million subscribers.

But to team work is added an up-to-date plant. Years of time and hundreds of millions of money have been put into the tools of the trade; into the building of a nation-wide network of lines; into the training of men and the working out of methods. The result is the Bell system of today—a union of men, money and machinery, to provide universal telephone service for ninety million people.

## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

## West Indies English

The moot question as to why English is spoke as she is has apparently been settled by a colored mammy of the old school. In a recent visit to the West Indies she accompanied her mistress, and after returning regaled her envious neighbors with vivid accounts of her travels.

"In dem Wes' Indies," she remarked, "dey don' talk Unahdted States. No, suh, dey don'. Dey talks foreign an' English. English, yes, suh. An' dat English, dat ain't de same as what we

all talks. No, suh. Dey says down dah, dey says 'ahn't' for 'a'n't' and 'cahn't' for 'can't' an' such like doin's. Yes, suh. An' you wan' to know how come dey talk dat fool talk? Why, suh, when de English done busted away f'um de Unahdted States, day was so 'shamed dey'd evah belonged to us dat dey trahd to get eben, and jes' out'n spite dey done change de pronouncement of de whole language."—Sunday Magazine.

THE world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money.

—Lippincott's.

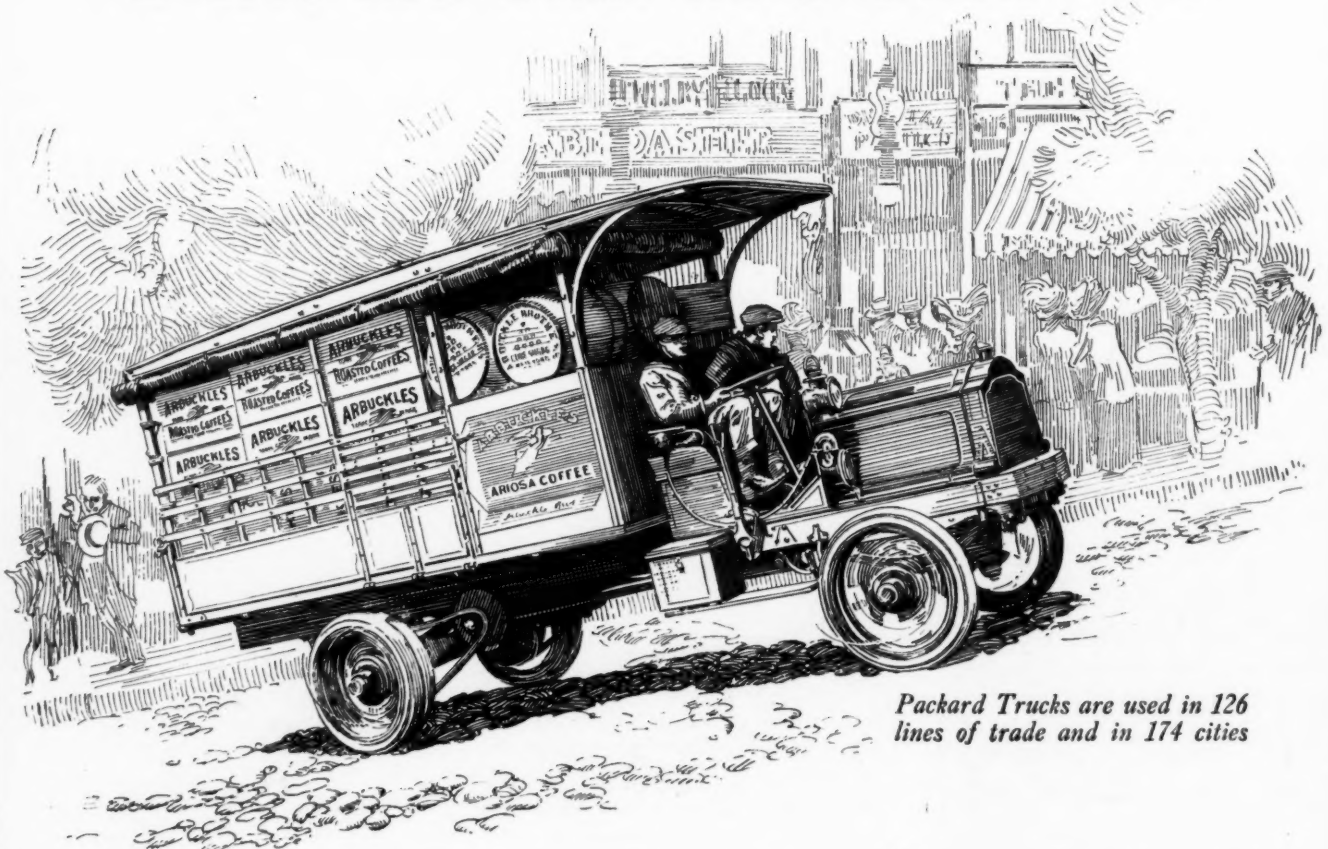
# *Packard*

## MOTOR TRUCKS

**T**HIS truck has never missed a trip in the 15 months it has been in use on the hilly streets of Pittsburgh. It is on the job every day, 304 working days to the year. It replaces three horse teams. After Arbuckles & Company had used this truck ten months and knew exactly what it would do they bought another just like it.

Forty per cent of the sales of Packard Trucks are orders from previous purchasers for additional trucks

*Ask the man who owns one*



Packard Trucks are used in 126 lines of trade and in 174 cities

*Packard Motor Car Company Detroit*



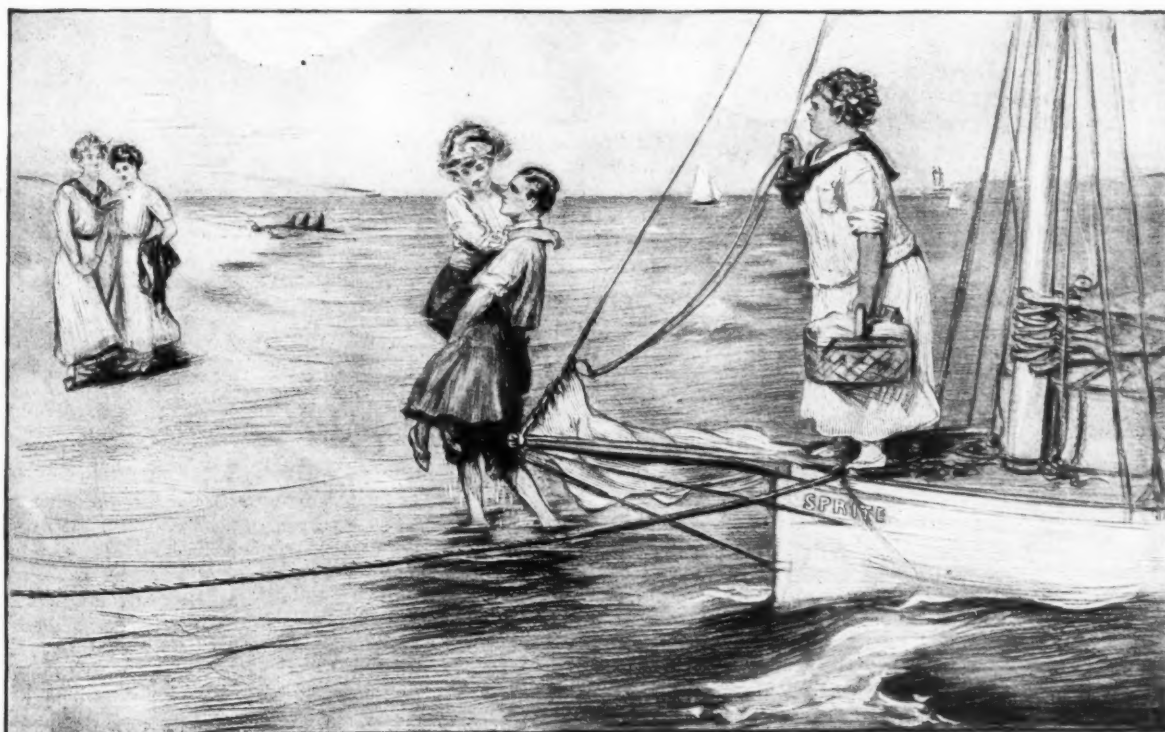
### The Small Hot Robin and the Large Cold Worm

**H**EARKEN to a Fable of the Recent Heated Term  
On the Small Hot Robin and the Large, Cold Worm:  
The Weather, you'll remember, was Indubitably Hot,  
Which the Bird seemed likewise, though the Worm did not.  
The Worm lay off and chuckled in the Trickle of a Well  
As he heard Folks' Comments on the Great Hot Spell.  
The Robin kept so busy with a Multitude of Things  
That he made Life cooler with his Flip-flap Wings.  
The Selfish Worm delighted in the Mercury's Ascent,  
But the Robin never bothered where the Darned Thing  
went;—  
A-hustling for a Dinner kept his Resolution firm,

And he looked most happy when he spied that Worm.  
He darted and he fluttered and he wriggled and he pried,  
And he felt Much Better with the Worm inside.  
So remember, when it's Torrid, that you mustn't fret and  
squirm;  
You want to go and Hustle for a large, Cold Worm.  
—Arthur Guiterman.

### Here's to You

**L**IFE congratulates you, Mr. Punch, on the triumphant  
achievement of your seventieth birthday. Please accept  
our thanks for the number just received which celebrates that  
event; and a most interesting number it is, historical, retro-  
spective, abounding in wit and wisdom.  
Our sincere wishes for many happy returns of the day.



CHEER UP, THE WORST IS YET TO COME





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE sympathize heartily with the complaints made by Mrs. E. D. Brannan, the suffragist, in a letter printed, on August 1st, in the *Evening Post* and other papers, about legislators at Albany, who represent themselves as persuaded by the arguments of the suffragists, and intending to vote for their bills, but when the pinch comes absent themselves or vote contrary to their pledge. The New York suffragists want to get the suffrage question submitted to "the people" of the State, meaning all the male voters who can be induced to analyze their feelings on the subject, and indicate them by a cross on a ballot. But they can't get the question before "the people" unless the Legislature consents, and they can't even get it before the Legislature unless divers committees consent. The complaint is of the insincerity, the cowardice of committeemen, who promise all things to the suffragists and deliver nothing. One of them, "Senator Black, of Tammany Hall," is singled for special denunciation, as one who thought to hoodwink members of the Women's Political Union by protestations of conversion, but "left them at the church," as one might say, or tried to, every time it came to doing anything for the cause. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and agreed to vote for the suffragists' bill. When the bill came up in committee he stole out of the room, and had to be hunted out of his hiding place and dragged back by the embattled women. And finally, though he voted as agreed for the suffrage bill in committee, he voted against it a week later on the floor of the Senate.

And there were plenty of others, both in the Senate and Assembly, as bad as Black, of whom Mrs. Brannan says:

Never for a moment do they seem to doubt that we shall always be ready to receive with smiles the assurances with which they mask their bad faith, and that no suspicion of trickery will ever enter our confiding minds. Or do they begin to doubt?

We blush for these males, whether they doubt or not, but it was ever so. Men are apt to pay to women that tribute of timidity which consists in evasion. It is easier to say yes than no, so they say yes, but, as is well known, a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion as before, and these legislators who say yes under female duress, conduct themselves afterward about as might be expected.

It is a depressing example of human duplicity and weakness. But the trouble is not merely one that concerns a few legislators. It is much broader and more serious than that. The trouble is that men are still imperfectly subjugated, and while almost universally they want to do what women want done, if it goes *too* much against the grain with them they still won't do it. They will squirm, dissemble, and give fair words, and then—bolt.

And then, besides, all the women don't agree about what they want done. What if that Senator Black, who was so faithless in accomplishing Mrs. Brannan's wishes, has a wife at home who is opposed to suffrage!

The only way seems to be to perfect the subjugation of men, and to bring about a unanimity of opinion among women. But alas! neither of these great undertakings is likely to be accomplished by force, or by complaint, or even by "permanent headquarters in Albany and a great procession next spring" to gather funds for which is the special purpose of Mrs. Brannan's letter.



AT this writing a committee of the House of Representatives is sitting in New York to inquire into the history and habits of the Steel Trust. The chairman and inspiration of this committee is Augustus Owsley Stan-

ley, of Kentucky. He has been working to get it for several years, and when the House went Democratic after the last election, he got it. We wonder a good deal whether Mr. Stanley has found out anything! The testimony has been abundant, but not novel, and one can read a lot of it, and perhaps be well entertained, without getting any news.

One story that it seems to be particularly desired to fasten to the Steel Trust is that the panic of 1907 was brought on by Mr. Morgan and other nefarious people in order that the Steel Trust might get control of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. Unluckily that story is so hopelessly the reverse of true that it is getting to be almost a failure as a story. The Steel Trust did indeed buy the Tennessee company in the panic, but the evidence that Mr. Stanley got was all to the effect that it bought it with hesitation and reluctance, as the only means of stopping the panic, which it did.

It is a sad thing to see a fine muck-rake story weaken and fail for lack of nourishment like that! But there are a great many left. The handling of the panic of 1907 by the strong men of New York was a piece of work fit to make men proud of being men. The strain and danger and courage of it will not be forgotten in the long run, even though at times they seem to be. Solicitude for the public safety and the public good attains dimensions now and then in considerable minds that are quite incredible to other minds that can think only of individual avarice as a controlling human motive.

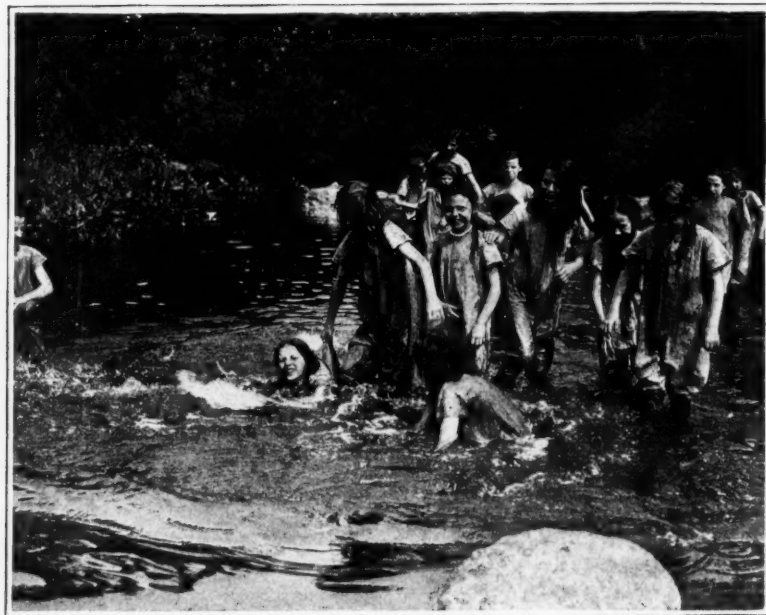


NEW YORK lost a very valuable citizen in Mr. Edward M. Shepard, and the Democracy a leading mind. It is to lament that with his high abilities and distinguished character he should not have attained to serve the people in any of the higher offices to which he repeatedly aspired. He would have made a notable Governor or a Senator of great distinction.

A good man; an exceedingly able and useful man; his all too early taking off is a public misfortune.



Nobody is Safe Nowadays



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

THE GIRLS' BATHING HOUR

### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,585.32
A. K. Smale.....	5.00
Madeline G. More.....	5.00
V. B. B.....	20.00
Emily H. Cowperthwait.....	10.00
Proceeds of a Fair held by the ten undersigned little girls summering at Madison, Conn.: Anne Griggs, Betty Hawxhurst, Helen Ward, Harriet Taylor, Nancy Taylor, Eleanor Alexander, Mary Schmuck, Helen Hill, Elliot Weiner, Harriet Chapin.....	40.00
Dr. Belle J. Macdonald.....	20.00
Helen Beach.....	5.00
Edward Hopkins.....	10.00
Miss J. Andrews.....	15.00
"In Memory of Janet Macgregor Wilson".....	10.00
Ruth W. Chandler.....	5.00
W. W. E., Hamilton, N. Y.....	5.00
A. E. B.....	10.00
"Interested, Louise Taylor".....	5.00
C. M. Warren.....	20.00
Tom & Jerry.....	1.00
"The Wainscott Children".....	5.16
"BOB".....	5.00
"Bayard Blackwell, Junior".....	5.00
E. S. Johnston.....	10.00

\$6,796.48

### A POSTAL FROM LIFE'S FARM

DEAR AUNT MAMIE arrived safely all is well and happy it is so nice up here on the hills its grand the boys go in bathing in the morning and girls in the afternoon.

From AGNES —

### Scientific Circulation

AT the meeting of the New York State Bankers' Association, held recently at Manhattan Beach, one of the principal speakers was Mr. Joseph T. Talbert, vice-president of the National City Bank. Among the reasons he advanced for the Aldrich plan, he said it would effect:

"The eventual abandonment of our inelastic and unscientific bond-secured circulation."

He is right about the bond-secured circulations being unscientific. It is highly unscientific in that, by introducing private interests between the people collectively, upon whose credit the money is issued, and the people severally, who use the money as a medium of exchange, it unduly complicates the monetary system, besides conferring a special privilege upon the National banks.

But is there any respect in which the Aldrich plan is not less scientific? Or is there anything scientific whatsoever about the Aldrich plan? Or is there anything scientific about Aldrich himself or about his financial running-mate, Vreeland?

If we are really after a scientific currency, why not hire a few scientists? Scientists do not run for office.

### Our Business-Like Government

The following is a perfectly true account by a gentleman who recently bought three millions' worth of Panama bonds from the Government:

"FIRST it was necessary for me to deposit 2 per cent of the amount of the bonds; I therefore had a certified check made for \$60,000, which was handed in at Washington with my bid for the bonds. After the bids were opened I received a notification that three million of the bonds had been awarded to me at the price I had bid, which was something over 103.40. Armed with this paper, I went to the subtreasury in New York, and, after some difficulty, saw the gentleman in charge. He told me that there was no telling exactly when the bonds would be issued, but that if I wanted them I would have to pay the money.

"Won't you accept a certified check on a national bank?"

"Yes, but we won't acknowledge payment until the checks have been cashed and we have legal tenders in hand."

I was obliged to get \$2,940,000 of the initial payment in cash from the bank, a messenger accompanying me with the cash. When I arrived at the subtreasury I started to deliver this money. I was informed that I was sixty thousand short. I showed my acknowledgment from the Government. That made no difference. I then suggested that Washington be called up over the telephone, at my expense. This was done. The treasury department knew nothing about it. I then went back to the bank, discovered that the certified check for sixty thousand had been cashed in and canceled. Armed with this, I returned to the subtreasury. Washington was again called up, and after an interminable time, the authorities there at last located the amount and said that I could get my bond award on payment of the three millions less the sixty thousand which they were willing to admit had been received.

When the two million and nine hundred and forty thousand had been handed over, a slip of paper was handed back. This contained the words, "Received 2,940 on acct. Panama Canal bonds," but the receipt was not negotiable.

"What good is this?" I asked. "If you are not to let me have the bonds now, how can I borrow the money on this receipt until they are ready?"

It made no difference. For every question I asked the only reply was that





"GOSH! MARTHY, I DID WANT TO GET MY WHISKERS TRIMMED,  
BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL IT'S LOW TIDE."

they had "no authority" to give any other receipt. The simplest rules of business courtesy, to say nothing of absolute necessity, were ignored. I could take the receipt for three millions or nothing.

Fortunately my bark, which had had dealings with the Government before, was willing to accept this simple receipt, knowing that I had paid out the cash and that it was for Panama bonds. The receipt was for cash paid only and did not call for the bonds. After borrowing the money on the receipt I could have taken the bonds from the sub-treasury and borrowed upon them also.

Would it be possible to originate any more absurd and antiquated system of doing business than Washington inflicts upon the business world?

## "Not a Banker"

IT is to be hoped that President Taft, in indorsing Aldrich's Big Bank, reserved the right to change his mind. He may find it convenient to do so some time between now and the fall of 1912.

If we are to credit one of his statements as sincere, then he was the victim of a common error which we expect from laymen, but not from presidents, and especially those presidents who have been judges. He said:

"I am not a banker, and I do not claim to be a student of finance, or of systems of banking and currency, but . . . it seems to me that

the general features of the plan ought to commend themselves to the whole business community," by which, he explained, he meant practically everybody, including "the whole body of wage workers."

If he is not a student of finance, then he was paying undue deference to the body of experts, the New York State Bankers' Association, whom he was addressing. He took their word that it was the proper thing, unmindful that their interest was so direct as to make them the last from whom an unprejudiced opinion could be expected.

It may be put down now as settled that the bankers want this new currency privilege. There's no question about that. The only question is, Shall we give it to them?

It is very good that Mr. Taft is not a banker; but, of course, there is no objection to his becoming a student of finance.

## Topics of Interest

MRS. RICH-TO-DO: Tell me, Maggie, what you servants find to talk about down in the kitchen.

MAGGIE: Oh, we mostly talks about the visitors up in the drawin' room. And, beggin' your pardon, Ma'am, what do you mostly talk about upstairs?

"Oh, we talk mostly about the servants."



A. B. WALKER

"WILL YOU GO FLOATING WITH ME, MISS STOUT?"



"JOSEPH, DO YOU NOTICE THAT ALL THE ROADS ABOUT HERE SEEM TO BE CUT ON THE BIAS?"



*Prehistoric Model:* DO YOU NEED A MODEL, SIR?  
*Prehistoric Artist:* I DON'T USE COSTUME MODELS. DO YOU POSSESS FOR THE FIGURE?

## Be Friendly to All Summer Girls

*But this Does Not Mean that You Should Become Engaged to One, Especially When You Have a Wife at Home—Two Cases Cited by Husbands' Correspondence Bureau*

ONE of our customers under treatment by this Bureau has just written us to the effect that while we have been treating him he visited a summer resort and became temporarily engaged to a summer girl, which led to complications that he didn't foresee, and his wife is now suing him for a divorce. He states that he thought it was generally understood that an engagement to a summer girl did not mean anything, and he looks to us to get him out of his difficulty.

We have promptly refunded this gentleman's money, and we desire to say for the benefit of all concerned that he entirely misconceives the object of this Bureau, and that, furthermore, he does not deserve any consideration at our hands.

He has mistaken our apparently liberal views. It is quite true that for the benefit of our customers we have a couple of seeing-the-tenderloin autos; that we have an Entertainment Committee for the purpose of keeping the minds of some of our most distressed clients occupied; that we have a Paris and Constantinople branch, and that our popular book, entitled "A Galaxy of Beauties," is now in its twenty-fifth edition; but he does not understand that all this is done for the ultimate purpose of bringing husband and wife together, and that under no circumstances do we countenance any outside engagements.

Our principle is perfectly simple; we believe that the utmost freedom will eventually bring husband and wife together. Besides, when a man has been living for some time



*Mr. Fish:* IT'S A NICE LITTLE COTTAGE, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE RENT A TRIFLE HIGH?

*Mr. Lobster (the real estate agent):* HIGH! MAN, JUST LOOK AT THE VIEW!



*Wifey: I LIKE TO FEEL, MY DEAR, WHEN I SEE YOU TOILING IN THE HOT SUN, THAT I'M DOING something TO HELP, EVEN IF IT'S ONLY STEERING.*

with one woman, whom he doesn't understand and cannot get along with, he ought to get out and see the world a little. The chances are ten to one that he will begin to realize very soon that all women are very much alike, and that with a little yielding on his part he will be able to get more fun with his present wife than with some unknown quantity, who is ready to drop him at the first way station.

This leads us to state that from this time on, owing to the increase in our business, we shall be obliged to draw the line a little closer. Every prospective customer must give us some indication that he is really anxious to get along with his wife if he possibly can. If you have been married a second time we do not necessarily require any reference from your former wife, but we expect you to write us fully and inform us of your intention. We like, for example, this frank and manly statement recently placed on file:

Dear Sir:

Two years ago I married a girl of eighteen, who had been educated in three boarding schools, had taken a trip abroad, who knew music, French, and was an accomplished singer. But in a short time I discovered that she could not add up a simple column of figures, did not know how to make up a bed, and has recently taken to wearing harem skirts. I am quiet, unassuming and methodical in my habits, and sincerely desire her happiness, but I am no housekeeper myself and I suffer more than I can say. Is there any hope?

This gentleman needs no Entertainment Bureau; he has one at home if he only knew it. He needs no outside excitement. The trouble with him is that he takes his married life too seriously. He thinks he has married a woman who ought to take care of him. Let him read the following letter from another customer:

Dear Sir:

I hesitate to place myself in your hands, but I am impelled to do so because of your great reputation. Several years ago I married a lady who is eminently qualified to run a household. She is an expert bookkeeper, knows all the details of housekeeping and runs my home like clockwork. I can't make a move in any direction that she doesn't know about it; she has figured out to a cent just how much money I spend in cigars in a year, saves up money constantly, and, in fact, is an ideal person; yet I am a miserable man. Oftentimes I have an impulse to go out and have a good time, but she is horrified at the suggestion. What would you suggest?

We have written to this gentleman to come on at once, sending him our book, "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home," and place himself in complete charge of our Entertainment Committee. In about six months he will long for home so that nothing can keep him away.

These two cases illustrate the variety of our business.

We cater to all. In some instances we treat the wife—



## Unrivalled Rivalry

JUDGE GARY, of the Steel Trust, has been "in the news" a great deal lately, and many of his statements, both sworn and casual, are quite sane, but the following trenches on credulity to a high degree. Speaking of the cutthroat competition, which has marked the progress of our industry, he says:

"The era of this method of doing business, I believe, has passed. It is not to anybody's advantage to injure a rival; on the contrary, everybody's efforts should tend toward a loyal understanding, which, by making transactions easier, would necessarily result in better production and cheaper prices."

What is the use of having a rival, if it is not to one's advantage to injure him? If we were called upon suddenly to define "rival," we might say: "A rival is a person (or corporation, perhaps) to injure whom is to one's advantage." Judge Gary's kind of rival suggests one of those Standard Oil "independent" subsidiaries, whose anathema was heaped upon Standard Oil's head, but whose profits were poured into Standard Oil's pockets.

And as for the cheaper prices which the good Judge mentions, we realize that he merely offers them as an ethical possibility, and we are convinced that he has no hope of converting the average stockholder whose business, to use the phrase of Mr. John D. Archbold, is to "clamor for dividends."

## Entailed

THE United States Senate of 1999 is in session.

The Senator from Lower Mexico arises and moves that a committee be appointed to investigate the charges growing out of the election of William Lorimer.

This is seconded by the Senator from Greenland.

"Why do they always appoint that committee?" asks a man in the gallery.

"Nobody knows," replies his companion. "It is a custom handed down to us from away back in the past, and nobody has ever dared or cared to suggest that we abolish it."

by a secret process of our own—and in others we deal only with the husband.

And in order to show our own faith in our business, we have only to say that we ourselves have been under treatment by our own methods for the past six weeks, with admirable success.

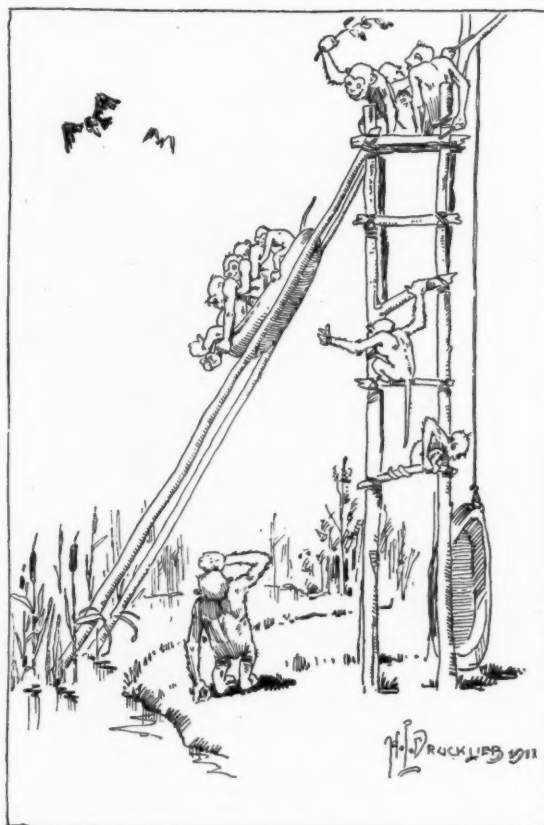
Our last marriage, we regret to say, was not the idyllic affair that we anticipated. Although we have had a vast personal experience, we find even at this late day that we are as liable to make a mistake as anybody.

One day it suddenly occurred to us that we might as well try our own cure. We consulted the tall, handsome blonde who has stood by us in so many emergencies, and placed ourselves in charge of our head manager, with instructions to go ahead and do what was best.

And all this while we were conducting a vast and increasing business.

The result, while not yet completely successful, has far exceeded our expectations. We have hopes that our wife will soon begin to see the error of her ways. In the meantime she is spending the summer at Narragansett Pier, while we are keeping bachelor's hall.

We mention this trifling personal incident merely to show that no matter what business you are in, or how hopeless you



*The Starter.* THE PARK ACCEPTS NO BLAME FOR LOSS OF PERSONAL PROPERTIES! SEE THAT YOUR HAIR IS ON TIGHT! KEEP TAILS INSIDE OF CAR!

may consider your case, you should consult us at once.

Hundreds of husbands are now paying board and lodging in Reno who might be sitting by their own firesides, being read aloud to by the sweetest voices in the world.

Call, write or wire.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

## A Reckless Coroner

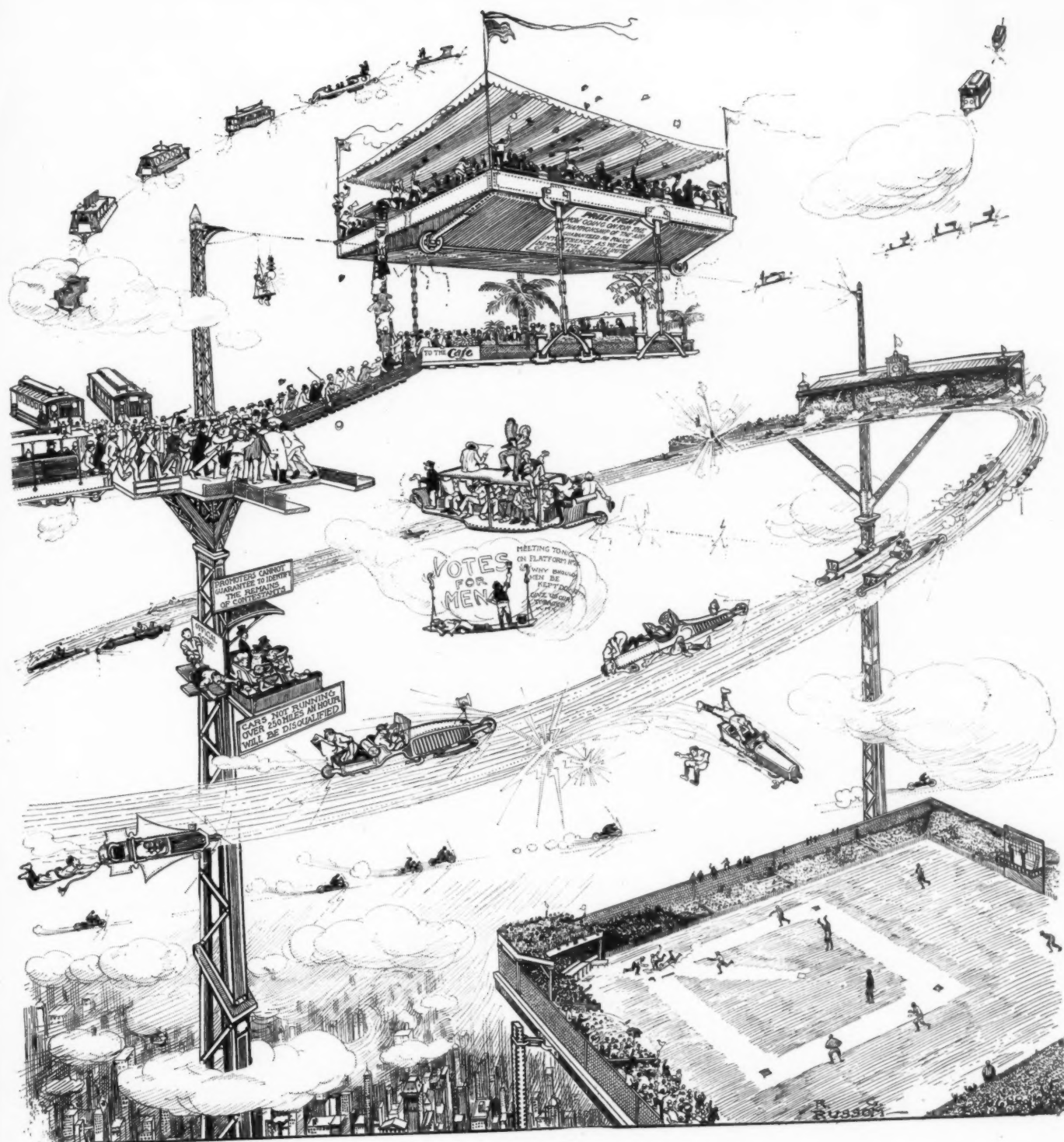
SPEAKING of the accident on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., of which Mr. Charles Sanger Mellen is President, Coroner Wilson, of Bridgeport, in his verdict stated:

"Were it not for the dangerous construction and layout of said company, or had a longer cross-over been located there, such a catastrophe could not have happened."

We admire the Coroner's courage in thus telling the truth. It has long been suspected that the New Haven Road—of which Mr. Mellen is President—is more concerned with its dividends than the welfare of its passengers.

Owing to the fact, however, that it controls most of New England, and is known as "Morgan's pet," few people or papers are rash enough to tell the truth about its methods.

BEFORE we indorse Attorney General Wickersham's suggestion that the Government have power to fix prices, we must know who is to have power to fix the Government.



WIRELESS

## A Horrible Experience

*(Revealing the fact that it is not safe for a gentleman to accept any invitation in these days)*

ON my return from abroad, where I had been for the better part of the year, I was pleasantly greeted by an invitation from Mrs. B—. (Not only to spare her, but to preserve my own dignity, I refrain from giving her name.)

With thoughtful consideration—as I fondly believed—she invited me down to her place for a week on Long Island, and added in the inevitable postscript:

"By the way, bring nothing but bare necessities; evening clothes are rather out of it with us at present."

This did not deter me from putting in a couple of dinner coats; I had been caught before by statements about informality. On my way down, indeed, I rather regretted that I had not included my full evening outfit, especially as my man rather impressed me with his remark upon its necessity. "It wouldn't be safe to go to Africa without it, sir," he had said.

As I got off at the station who should I see but my old friend, Ethel Brampton; she had been in the next car all the time.

"Bound for the B—'s," she remarked, cheerily. "I will join you, if you like."

"Charmed," I exclaimed, looking about for their motor. She saw what I was looking for and laughed—rather inordinately.

"We must walk," she said.

"Walk!" I remarked in astonishment.

"Why, it's a couple of miles. What's the matter? Don't they keep a couple of motors? Dear me, you're joking."

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"That the B—'s are going in for the simple life. Come on! I believe our luggage will follow. I don't know what they do about that."

She took me precipitately by the arm.

"We must hurry," she exclaimed.

"You see, all the B—'s guests are expected to get their own meals, and there is only time for supper before dark."

"Are you mad?" I exclaimed, "or are they mad?"

She swung back her handsome shoulders. She was really a very charming girl.

"Not at all. It's the latest fad. You'll enjoy it when you get into the spirit. I come down here when I need it, just to reconstruct myself. Good fun, I assure you."

It was rather of a warmish day, and I

found myself, in spite of my interesting companion, fuming inwardly at the distance. Since I made the attempt to go up one of the Alps, five years ago, I never remember to have essayed such a task. On the way she regaled me with the story of the B—'s—how their wealth had palled upon them, and they had gone into a sort of thing that she vaguely hinted at.

"You will understand," she declared, "when you get there."

I saw at a glance, as we approached at last the B—'s magnificent place, that it was shut up tight. But in the rear, in a long, rather neat row was a lot of small, freshly colored shanties.

"What is your number?" asked Ethel.

"Mine is 3."

"I don't understand," I replied, weakly.

"Look at your invitation. Have you got it with you? Yes, there it is in the upper left-hand corner. 'Number 4.' See?"

At this moment a tously head was stuck out of shanty number 1. It was the head of Mrs. B—.

"Hello!" she cried. "Glad to see you. Can't stop now. I am frying some ham. John's crazy about it."

Ham! The word fell upon my consciousness with a dull, leaden sound.

"I hate ham!" I muttered.

Ethel almost shrieked.

"You don't have to eat it!" she cried. "You can cook yourself what you like. The last time I was down here I lived on eighteen cents a day, and I didn't have a bit of meat. And you must keep careful count. Mrs. B— wants the statistics to forward to a society she belongs to."

"Who washes the dishes?" I muttered, almost afraid to ask.

"You do, of course. That's the beauty of it."

As I entered my shanty, in obedience to Ethel's stern command, I found a motley array of utensils. There was a small stove in one corner, with a bundle of kindling wood under it, and on certain rude and exposed shelves a collection of pots and pans. In one end was a primitive bed, and a couple of chairs completed the furniture, not to mention a pine table and a small refrigerator. I opened the refrigerator door furtively. Within I saw a small, pale looking chicken and some green stuff. Then I



"GOSH! THAT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE NEW FANGLED FLYING MACHINES"

went and knocked at Ethel's shanty.

"Where is the water?" I gasped. "I am as thirsty as a Sheik."

"You pump it up, way off there." She swept the rear horizon. "Everybody draws their own water here. It's part of the game."

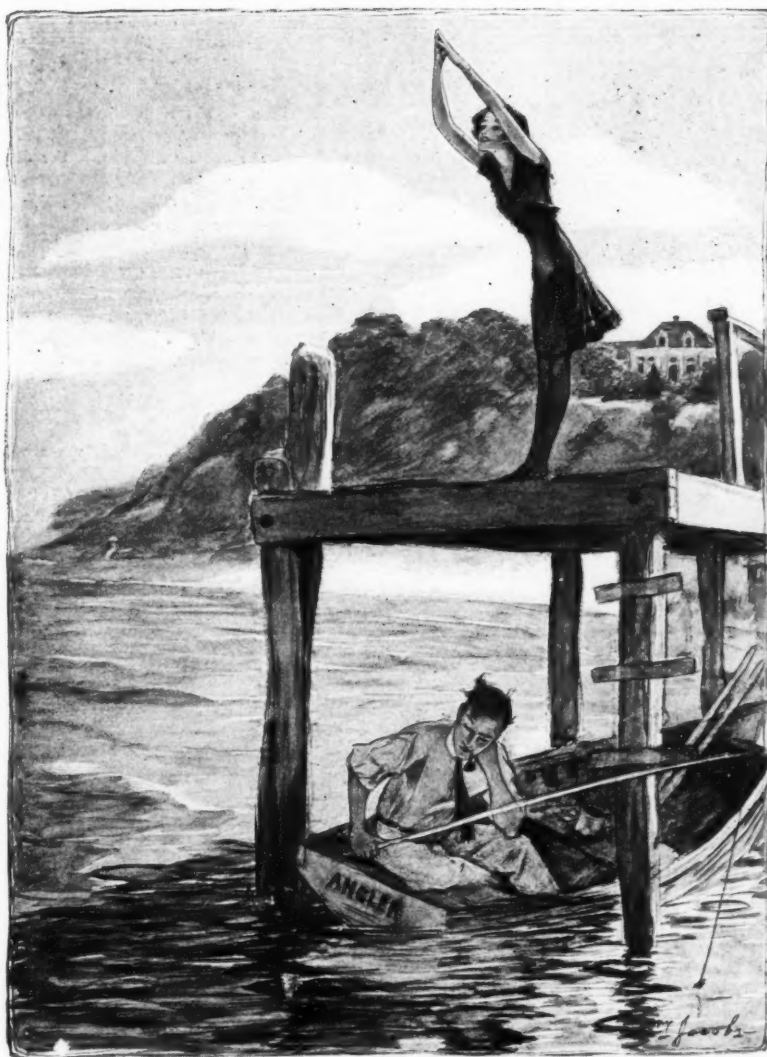
My walk had increased my appetite, and it fortunately happened that once, years before, I had gone upon a camping expedition. Gathering all of the slumming knowledge of cooking I possessed, I made the fire, drew forth the chicken from its icy tomb, filled a stew pan with water that I drew, and in a short time was preparing my evening meal.

Just as I had devoured everything in sight and was ruefully contemplating the awful remains, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and was confronted by Mrs. B—.

She was accoutered in a calico dress and her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows. She shook hands heartily.

"Couldn't come before," she explained.





"ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS"

"You see John likes his meals on time. How do you like the idea?"

"Do you think it's exactly fair," I said boldly, "to ask a man down here and then make him wash his own dishes? What does John do?"

"He's doing it now. We take turns. You can probably make such an arrangement with Ethel. You see there are all sorts of combinations you can make. But, of course, we are all on equal terms. Each one for himself."

"Who does the ordering?"

"You do, of course. I just start you off for the first meal. The grocer will be around by six in the morning."

"Six!"

"Yes. That gives you time for breakfast. By the way, you owe me eighty cents."

"For what?"

"Why, for what you had."

My thoughts involuntarily reverted to the year before, when in one evening I had won two hundred from Mrs. B— at bridge, and my heart softened.

I handed her a dollar. She gave me back twenty cents.

"Thanks. If you feel like it come over and sit on our back steps when you get through. We'll gossip."

Gossip! Evidently there was no de-

tail missing of the primitive life. Gossip was necessary, even in this pitiable condition.

When she left me I locked the door with the rude bolt and threw myself on the bed, determined to get a few hours' rest. When I awoke it was dark. By the feeble ray of a candle I got out my time-table and my watch.

There was a train at four o'clock. I had just time to make it.

Stealing softly out, so as not to disturb Ethel, I made my way back to the station. In the interval of waiting I had managed to persuade the station master to let me use the telephone.

When I arrived in town my car was waiting for me. It was just nine o'clock.

"Home, sir?" said the chauffeur.

"Not yet," I responded faintly. "To the manicure's." T. L. M.

## Mayor Gaynor Vetoes the Stilwell Bill

The Stilwell bill provides for building a huge new court house in the City Hall Park. . . . The Mayor favors it.—LIFE, July 27.

THE Mayor spoke at one time as though he favored the Stilwell bill, and at that time the observation above was written. After that he vetoed it. Then it was amended, and he vetoed it again. He wants a new court house, which is extremely needed, but sympathizes with the desire to keep it out of the City Hall Park. We are grateful to the Mayor for those vetoes, and sorry to have misrepresented his sentiments. That error was due to the length of time that elapses between the composition and publication of the valuable thoughts that LIFE offers to its still more valuable readers.



"GENTLEMEN; IF WE COULDT GET OUR HEADS TOGEDDER, DERE IS NODDINGS VE COULDT NOT ACCOMBLISH."



*Voice from Shore:* HAS YOUR CHAUFFEUR GONE FOR HELP?  
"NOPE. HE'S UNDER THE CAR."

### The Aeroplane Story

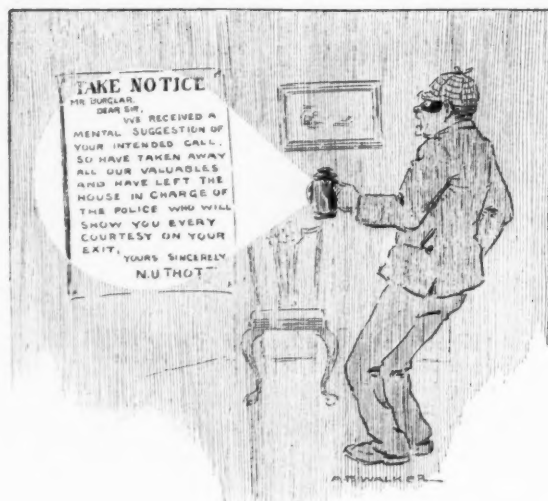
THE aeroplane story is now upon us.

It is filled with propellers, cams, engines, gaskets, stridrons, stays and all other articles usually found in a first-class junk shop.

The hero swoops madly from zone to zone, destroying forts and warships and things.

At last he speeds wildly half around the world and rescues the heroine, after scaring the rulers of all the nations into signing an agreement for universal peace.

However, brethren and sisters, we note that the hero is the same athletic, square shouldered chap, and the heroine the same beauteous damsel the illustrators have been turning out for the past fifty years.



A CONVERT TO NEW THOUGHT

### Civil Service Examination for a Poet Laureate

WHAT is a bosky dell?

What makes it bosky?

What is a dingle?

How do the cows come down the dingle?

Write a sonnet to "My Lady's Eyes" without using the rhyme "skies."

Why does the sea moan?

What is a beetling crag?

What has the beetle got to do with it?

Describe a flowered mead.

What is a mead? If so, why?

How do you pronounce w-i-n-d?

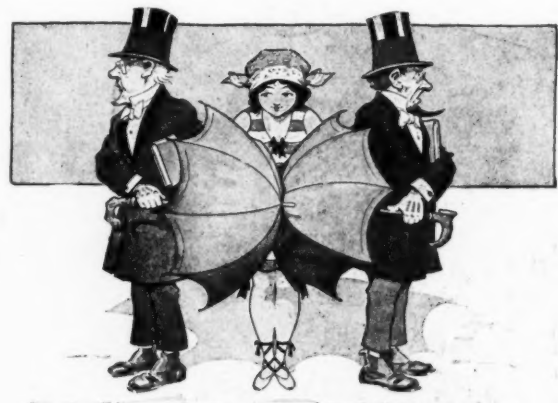
Is it any different from ordinary wind?

How do you put in the blanks in blank verse?

Do you consider the blank verse any noisier than the loaded kind?

Write a popular song from any forty lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Next to yourself, who is the greatest poet in the world?



SUZANNA AND THE ELDERS

### One Explanation

"SAY, Pa, what does it mean when it says the Supreme Court dissolved a trust?"

"Well, my son, you see, hum—ha—that's a sort of solution of the trust question."

"Does it fix it so there isn't any trust any more, Pa?"

"Well, my son, when you dissolve a lump of sugar in water, the trust is still there, but you can't see it."

IF you wish a thing done right, do it yourself. If you wish to make money on it, hire some one. If you wish to make a lot of money, hire a lot of people.

?

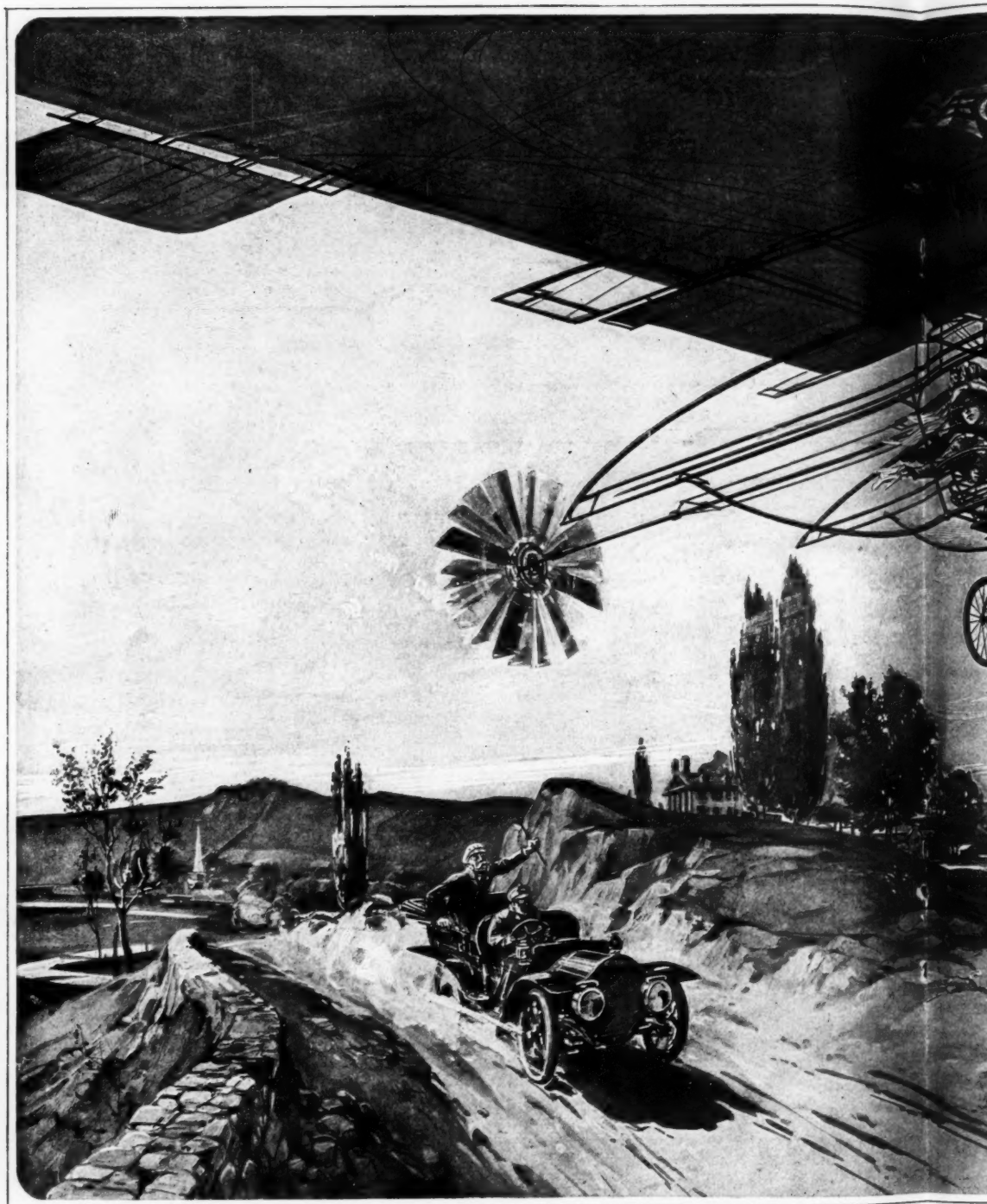
ROBINSON CRUSOE got along better than Adam.



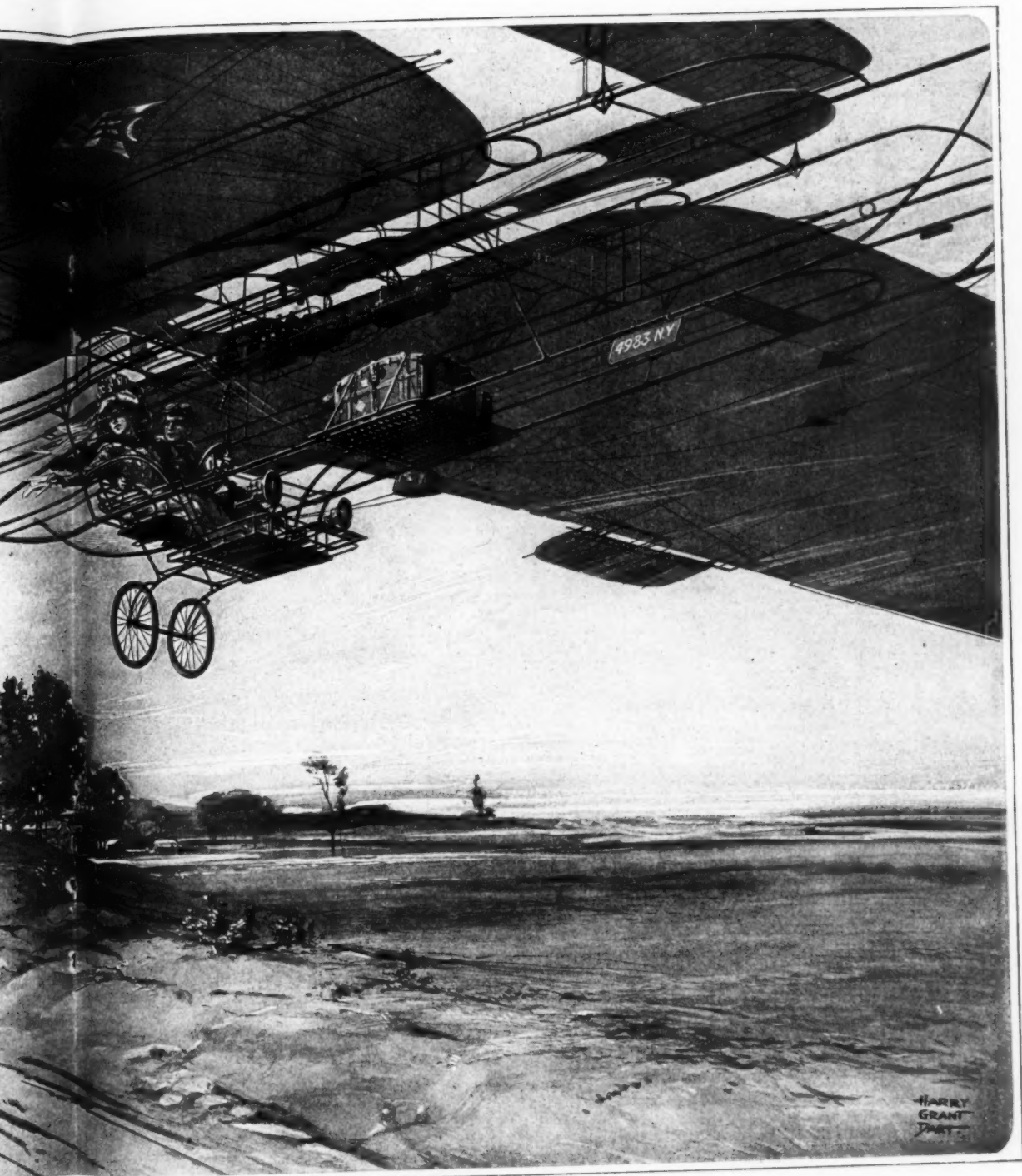
THAT POINT OF VIEW

*Mr. Rabbit:* I UNDERSTAND THAT SOME OF YOU LADIES HAVE VERY FEW CHILDREN. SOME NONE AT ALL. NOW, THAT IS ALL WRONG. LAST YEAR AT OUR HOME WE HAD SIXTY-THREE CHILDREN, AND WE ARE PROUD OF THEM





"Ta ta, Fat



"Ta ta, Father"



THE RESCUE  
"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"

### America

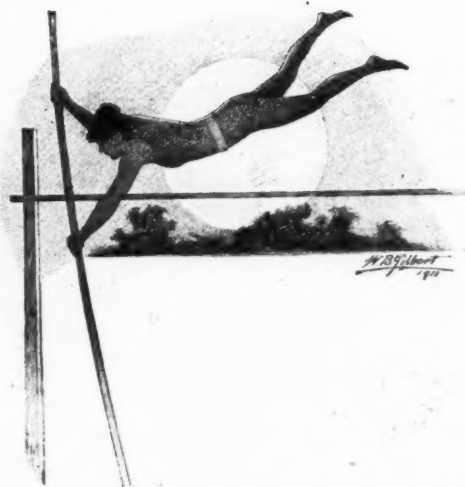
**A**DULTERATED food, sky-high prices, imitation meat inspection, robber tariffs, perpetual franchises, Niagara steals, railway-mail overcharges, exasperating express companies, confiscation of the public lands, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, blacklists, overproduction, panics, child labor, unsanitary slums, lobbying lawyers, vaccinating physicians, vivisectioning surgeons, mincing ministers, soulless corporations, ballot stuffers, dollar patriots, baseball fanatics, passé partisans, half-baked aristocrats, dividend chasers, gifted grafters, owned judges, obfuscated lawmakers, purse-proud ruffians, tentacled trusts, best sellers, stock gamblers, timid teachers, yellow journals, rich men's sons, crowded conveyances, petty politicians, patent-leather Pecksniffs, oratorical Judases, literary Januses, business buccaneers, speed maniacs, Brobdignagian plutocrats, and pretty women.

### Houses on Fifth Avenue

**I**T was in the paper last month that a rich brewer had bought for his married daughter the million dollar house of a rich department store merchant on Fifth Avenue in New York. That is the kind of thing that successful beer and successful merchandizing can have, and it is the sort of acquisition that Modest Means can watch with philosophical equanimity and resignation. Not to have a million dollar house on Fifth Avenue seems to Modest Means so much better, on the whole, than to have one. Not to be living in the plane and with the folks who want, and can have, new million dollar houses on Fifth Avenue, seems, on the whole, to be so decidedly preferable to living on that plane and with those folks—provided one has a duly commodious habitation elsewhere.

It is no laughing matter to buy a good house in New York; it is bound to cost a serious sum; but to get along without a house on Fifth Avenue is such an easy economy that it makes Modest Means feel rich to think how much he saves and with how little sacrifice by housing himself for forty, or fifty, or one or two hundred thousand dollars instead of a million. One has to have (or thinks he must) so many things that cost, so constantly and so much, that it is a kind of enrichment to read of a large pot of money going for something he doesn't care at all to have. He has saved all that, and never felt it! He is positively grateful to the affluent brewer and his daughter for shouldering that heavy load, and content that the house should have been a bargain, as the papers intimated.

A bargain? Very likely. We suspect the day has passed when discerning people set much store on owning splendid and conspicuous houses in New York. They want good houses, big, handsome, well placed, but building or buying houses in New York as monuments of ambition is a game that we suspect of having seen its best days. Houses in New York are so transitory! Observe the Chateau Schwab on the Riverside Drive! Will it stay, or will it go? What of the fine houses that Hunt built for the Vanderbilts, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Astor, and Mr. Gerry! Will they go, or will they stay? Maybe Senator Clark's house will stay, unless some time it comes to see itself as others see it. Mr. Whitney built a house on Fifth Avenue for glory; Mr. Yerkes did the same; Mr. Harri-man would have done something of the sort if he had lived; Mr. Carnegie built shrewdly and for comfort; Mr. Frick



UNHERALDED PARTIAL SOLAR ECLIPSE  
VISIBLE AT SUNSET FROM VASSAR OBSERVATORY

has bought a block-wide lot, and maybe he will build. Mr. Stilman has dug a large hole, and left it empty, and gone, they say to Paris.

Building houses on Fifth Avenue has been too much like sailing on the Niagara River above the Falls. Nothing residential stays surely put on that street so far. Every splendid house that stands below Fifty-ninth Street is in danger, and what will happen to those above Fifty-ninth is guesswork.



"WADE AND FOUND WANTING"





"WHAT'S THE OCEAN GOOD FOR, POP?"

"OH, A GREAT MANY—EVERYTHING HAS ITS—ER—NEVER MIND, WILLIE. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND BETTER AS YOU GET OLDER."

### For Freedom

**I**N a virile pamphlet Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke expresses in few words some wide-spreading sentiments.

"I have nothing against 'regular physicians,' except when they attempt to arrogate to themselves all medical wisdom and authority. Some of my best friends and my family physician are 'regular' doctors. At the same time I reserve the right to consult an osteopath, homeopath, hydropath, or any other 'path,' or 'non-path.' In other words, I

believe in that *freedom* which *Collier's* decries, and I believe the great majority of the members of the National League of Medical Freedom are of like mind. I do not mean that they all believe as I do, except that they *believe in letting the other fellow believe as he does*, and they deny the right of a Department to destroy that freedom.

"You don't want a Department of Health. You want a Department of Medicine."

"I am in favor of sanitation—public and private—and I do not consider it sanitary to put diseased pus into healthy

veins 'to prevent disease!' *Collier's* evidently does."

But Mr. Vance should remember that *Collier's* is probably not a free agent in this medical matter. Under the desk, or behind the door, lurks an old school bogie, who, at proper intervals, scares the editor by fearful sounds and horrid threats.

Still, we have hope for *Collier's*. Some day it will begin to think for itself.

## That Reprehensible Coronation Number

*A "Plain Citizen" of Canada Has Something to Say About It—Williams and the Trans-Atlantic Companies—More About Flies*

EDITOR OF LIFE:

MY DEAR LIFE.—As a constant reader one rather regrets that your Coronation Number should have been belabored by a Canadian. He probably missed the archaism of it which sought to reproduce in the souls of otherwise dull citizens a spirit of fine contempt for the country from whose loins they had sprung. He missed the retrospective humor of your utterances. As a plain citizen of Canada, I would like to point out to you that you shortly will have an opportunity of publishing a special number celebrating a century of peace between the United States of America and England. Just over a hundred years ago you tried your futile part to help Napoleon enslave the free democracies of Europe. You have had that opportunity because, at each and every stage of the game in the past hundred years, England and this country have been too strong for you to dare to hand out the treatment you have accorded such weak aggregations as Mexico and Spain.

Canada has recently consented to a treaty between England and Japan which for ten years shall secure the United States people from their recent fear of invasion. England, for this quarter century past, has mitigated the clumsy insults a nation ignorant in diplomacy and fitfully ruled by politicians has presented to the fine old civilizations of Europe. This motherhood in Anglo-Saxon sentiment is to be perpetuated by a general arbitration treaty. It is perhaps fitting that the country responsible for President Cleveland should now produce this Coronation Number of LIFE.

Wit without humor sours: "Life" without soul dies.

J. FRED B. LIVESAY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

July 24, 1911.

### The Power of Cohesion

EDITOR OF LIFE:

In all the years I have been a reader of your paper I have found it consistently advocating fair play, and I believe that one of its "words in season"

in regard to a certain matter in the Southwest would prove beneficial.

Throughout Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and western Texas I have found the cities and counties generally controlled by Roman Catholic officials; and from Mayor Shaughnessy in Yuma to Mayor Kelly in El Paso, they were appointing subordinates and aids of their own religious faith. Indeed, there is seldom an opportunity for a Protestant to obtain public work in many of these cities. The list of election judges in El Paso last April, when Mr. Kelly was re-elected, reads like a parish register from Tipperary.

No one admires the many virtues of the Irish more than myself—in fact, I was the wife of an Irishman—but I do not want them to monopolize all the good things obtainable in any district. Since Mr. Taft became President we have seen the most competent and industrious Protestant officials removed to make way for his Roman Catholic pets. There are Joseph Morrison in Arizona, Joseph Nealon in western Texas, United States District Attorneys, and a host of similar cases. Of course their priests will unctuously deny these conditions and assure outsiders that these statements are all rubbish, even while the followers of said priests are maintaining a strangle hold on every desirable office within their reach.

I have gone as teacher to school districts inhabited by Mexican and Irish Roman Catholics, where the people, with their natural kindness of heart and hospitable instincts, have received me cordially and helped me in my undertakings. But soon would appear from some neighboring city a black-robed priest or nun, and presto! all was changed. My neighbors began to view me with unfriendly eyes and to place various obstacles in my pathway. In some cases their hostility increased until I was forced to resign. I have never yet been associated with a Roman Catholic teacher or office assistant who did not go to our superintendent with tales calculated to lead him to distrust their Protestant associates. In one important city a certain Catholic teacher came to me with a story reflect-

ing upon our superintendent and a girl teacher. Being selfishly absorbed in my own griefs, I gave little heed to her, and certainly never repeated the story. Judge of my astonishment when the superintendent summoned me to his office and accused me of trying to blacken his character and that of the young girl.

I know that organizations founded in the last quarter of a century for the purpose of securing equal rights for all denominations and resisting the encroachments of wily priests have been laughed out of existence, but really, unless we Protestants are to be crushed beneath the tyrant's heel, we must make a stand for our rights. HENRIETTA PERRINE.

EL PASO, TEXAS,

June 6, 1911.

### "Who Is After Williams?"

EDITOR IN CHIEF OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Referring to your article, "Who Is After Williams?" in July 13th issue.

I am pleased to know there is one editor in America who is not afraid of the wrath or influence of the steamship companies. These trans-Atlantic companies are directly responsible for nine-tenths of the crimes committed by foreigners, inasmuch as they bring to America any criminal who has the price of a passage, and they make absolutely no effort to keep out undesirables.

For several years I have tried to get members of the House in Washington to take up this matter.

Yours respectfully,

C. B. B.

PONTIAC, MICH., July 22, 1911.

### We Don't Know

EDITOR OF LIFE:

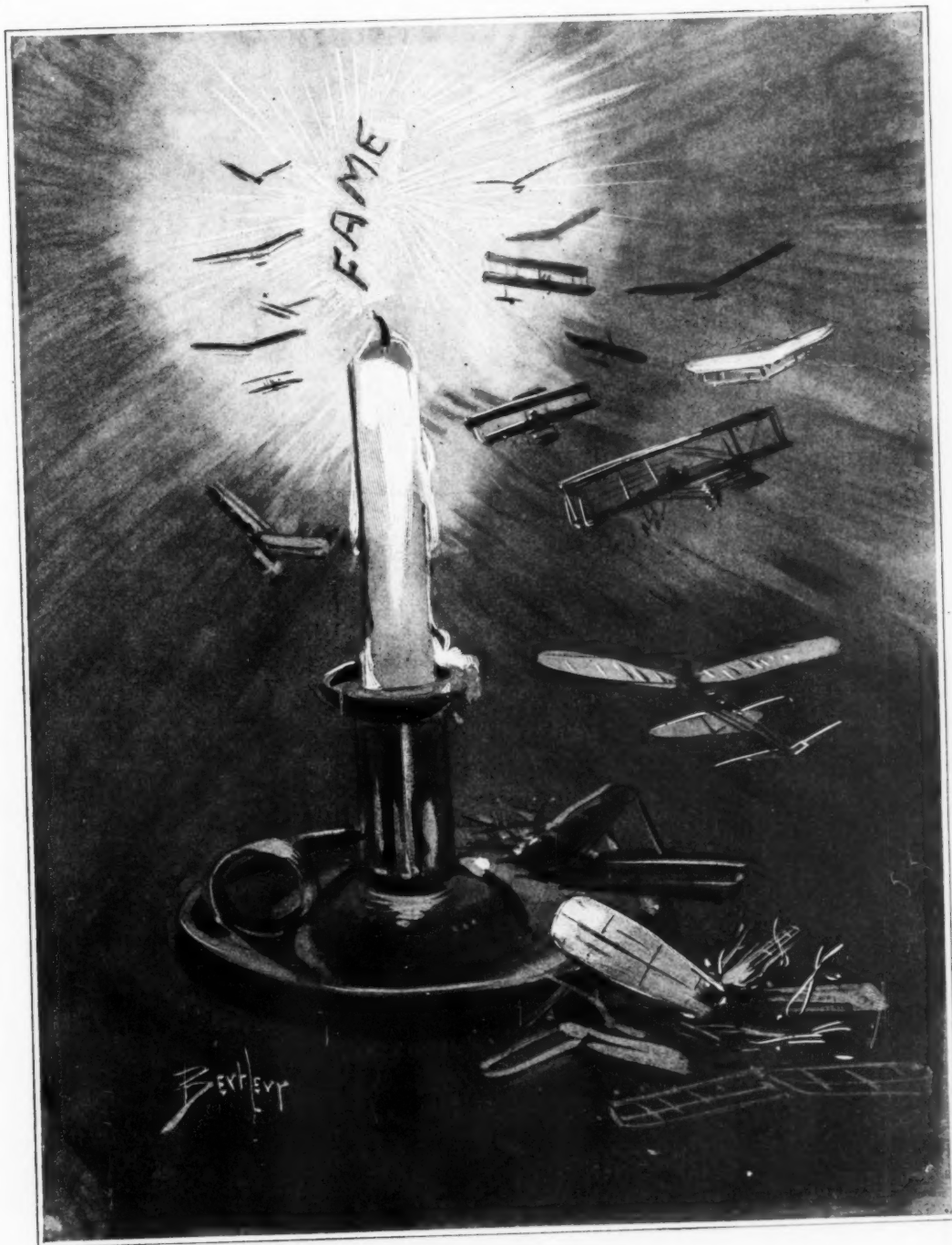
May I ask, in all seriousness, if you share the fear expressed by some hygienists that the present war on flies will result finally in some fearful plague on account of unconsumed waste?

We know that killing off the birds has had the effect of causing the widespread plague of insects, costing millions on millions of dollars, in the vain effort to exterminate the caterpillar, brown-tail moth, etc.

Nature, like Justice, is blind, and she goes right on furnishing bird food, unmindful of the fact that her boarders do not materialize.

CHARLES E. PAGE.

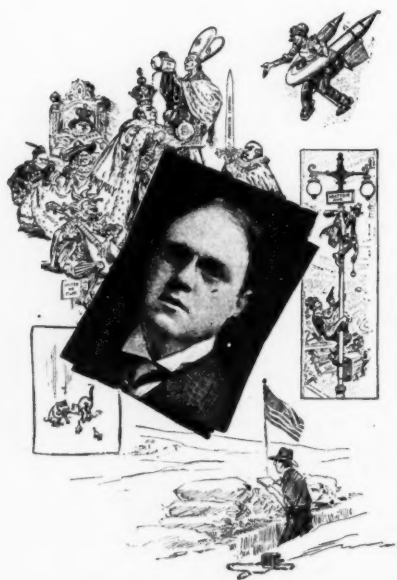
BOSTON, July 17, 1911.



MOTHS



## Life's Family Album



Harry Grant Dart

"I AM no artist."

These words pierced the circumambient atmosphere with no uncertain sound, as we gracefully alighted from our aeroplane and stood face to face with Harry Grant Dart, one of LIFE's most valued cartoonists.

"No artist!" we repeated sternly. "Surely, sir, you are but jesting. What boots this modest spirit?"

"I mean what I say."

"But you draw pictures."

If anyone, perchance, should doubt this, he has only to glance at some of the back files of LIFE, of which the accompanying setting to Mr. Dart's photograph gives a diminutive idea. The cartoon in the present number is an example.

The truth is that Mr. Dart is an artist; moreover, he is an artist with real brains. Through the medium of his pencil he expresses whole political or sociological situations in such a dramatic manner that they fairly thrill us. But, then, Mr. Dart has had experience allied to his native talent.

"Weren't you locked up in Cuba once?" we ventured.

"Well, not quite so bad as that; but I had the pleasure of being expelled from the island by General Weyler. I acted as artist-correspondent during the Spanish-American War, and had charge of the New York *Herald's* staff of

artists and photographers in the field during those unpleasant days."

"Is that where you got your training, Mr. Dart?"

"Partly. But I really began in Williamsport, Pa., where I was born. Even at that time I did things on paper, and in view of this proclivity I was allowed to miss my spelling lessons; hence, I am probably one of the worst spellers in the country."

"And then—"

"Owing to an unfortunate experiment in aviation I was obliged to leave school at the age of fifteen. I began my career as a photographic retoucher, but soon gave over the air brush for the pen, and it was not long before the *Herald* of Boston had the distinction of presenting to the public a carefully executed portrait of a gentleman with a violent pen-and-ink storm taking place on the right side of his face. Purchasing most of the edition containing this effort and sending the copies broadcast to relatives and friends, I headed for the great metropolis and persuaded the art director of the New York *World* to give genius a chance. Thereafter I began to 'cover' artistically prize fights, strikes, murder and divorce trials, weddings and wars."

"You seem, Mr. Dart, to have an adventurous strain in your blood."

"Well, you see, my granduncle, George Catlin, was the well-known painter of Indian subjects, and my grandfather was superintendent of Indian affairs under James K. Polk, and my father was one of the four men appointed by the Government to conduct the Modoc war—and yet I am not quite so adventurous as it seems. I am fairly well satisfied to watch the beans come up near the icehouse in my rural retreat."

"But, Mr. Dart, you haven't yet explained what you meant by saying that you were no artist."

"Oh, I mean that I have never had any formal artistic training. If I had—"

"Would it have mattered?"

## Mistaken Diagnosis

HARPER'S WEEKLY says (the italics are ours):

The reason why *the Sun* retains its heat in spite of the quantity that it gives out is that heat is generated by the fall of particles toward its center.

But that is not the reason. The facts are against it. *The Sun* hasn't any center at present, and not much heat. It is all circumference and glimmer; a dear old friend, but not hot.

MAN initiatives; God referendums.



ON A DIET

# This Big New Maxwell for \$1280

## A 36 h p Touring Car—1912's Undisputed Leader

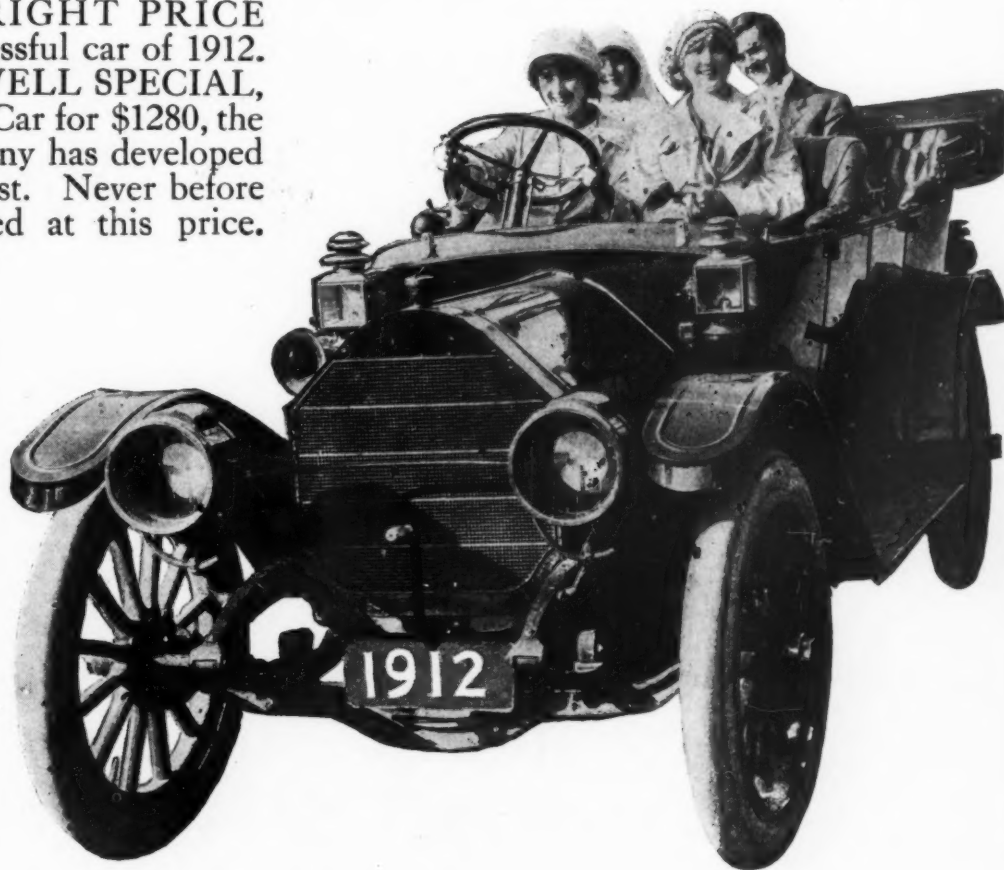
**POWER, STYLE and RIGHT PRICE** will determine the successful car of 1912. In building the new MAXWELL SPECIAL, the 36-horsepower Touring Car for \$1280, the United States Motor Company has developed these elements to their utmost. Never before has such a car been offered at this price.

We realized that most cars today are reliable and efficient. Therefore, we set out to build a car that would outclass all others in these three essentials.

We instructed our corps of engineers to embody abundant power and surpassing style in this new car, knowing that our purchasing and manufacturing facilities enabled us to build the car at a lower price than any of our competitors.

When we were satisfied with the car, we found we could fix the price at the surprisingly low figure of \$1280.

The new 36-h.p. Maxwell Special unquestionably assumes instant leadership for 1912.



**Power** The secret of power in this new Maxwell Special is its  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  long stroke, smooth-running motor.

Large valves, adjustable push rods, self-contained automatic oiling system, Stromberg carburetor, dual ignition with Splittorf magneto and batteries, combine to produce more power and greater speed than will ever be needed.

The power is there for emergencies. Gear shifting is reduced to a minimum, as this car takes the steepest hills with ease.

Other mechanical features include large clutch discs, full-floating rear axle, sliding-gear transmission, drop-forged "I"-beam

front axle and Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator. Wheel-base, 114 inches.

**Style** The new ventilated fore-door, flush-side vestibuled steel body, with inside control is the latest thing in motor car design.

Its sweeping curves with a Columbia Honeycomb type radiator, new designed bonnet, and long, smooth flush-sides are strikingly beautiful.

Finished in Royal green with Wedgwood green wheels and black upholstery, deep and well tufted, this car has an atmosphere found only in the most expensive cars. It is an aristocrat; the most artistic creation of the season.

**Price** The price of this car is made possible by the unequaled factory facilities of the United States Motor Company, now recognized as the leading builders of automobiles in America. No car selling for \$500 more than the price we ask can match the Maxwell Special. Comparison with other cars will prove this statement beyond argument. We urge comparison.

We announce four other new models—all ready for August delivery: The Maxwell Mercury, a 30-h.p. mile-a-minute Roadster, \$1150. The Maxwell Mascotte, a 25-h.p. Touring Car, \$980; Roadster, \$950. The Maxwell Messenger, a 16-h.p. Runabout, \$600.

**Send for these Books.** The story of the Maxwell for 1912 is fully told in our advance catalog just off the press. Everyone should read it. With it we will send free "How to Judge an Automobile," the best book published on the subject. Write today. A postal will do.

**Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company** Broadway at 61st St. New York

Division of **UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY**

**Branch Houses** { Albany; Atlanta; Boston; Buffalo; Charlotte, N.C.; Chicago; Cleveland; Columbus; Dallas; Des Moines; Detroit; Indianapolis; Kansas City; Los Angeles; Minneapolis; New Castle, Ind.; New York; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Salt Lake City; San Francisco; St. Louis; Syracuse; South Bend; Toledo; Washington, D. C.; London, Eng. }

**1800 Dealers Everywhere**





## A Postponed Tragedy

"You have appendicitis," said the doctor man to Jim,

"And I must operate at once, or else your chance is slim."

"You shall not touch a knife to me," was James's firm reply—

"I'll have no operation, and I ain't a-going to die."

"Unless I cut," the doctor said, "you'll surely pass away;

You will be dead, believe me, sir, by two o'clock to-day."

So Jim was scared and yielded. The carving was a shock.

But Jim was very thankful that he lived at two o'clock.

For doctors know their business, and it's very plain to see

That this one saved Jim's life, because he didn't die till three.

—Boston Traveller.



THE BLACK HAND

## Darning Versus Knitting

GIBBS: Your wife seems to be a contrary sort of woman.

DIBBS: Contrary! Why, whenever I ask her to darn my stockings she knits her brows.—Boston Transcript.

## The Danger of a Foreign Spouse

One of our most prominent college professors took unto himself as wife a very charming and highly cultured German lady who is exquisitely particular about all small matters.

Several years ago, just after she had come to live in this country, she was ever on the *qui vive* for new forms of expression.

One night the professor came home worn out with the troubles of Commencement. As he was dressing to attend a very formal reception, he remarked:

"I wish we weren't going to this shindig."

"Shindig?" repeated his wife; "what is that?"

"It's the sort of thing we're going to to-night," answered her husband.

At the close of a very enjoyable evening the professor heard his wife saying, "Oh, Mrs. B—, I have so much enjoyed your shindig."

—Harper's Magazine.

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# Time to Re-tire

# FISK

## TIRES

### Made in Four Styles



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Q. D. Clincher  
Clincher  
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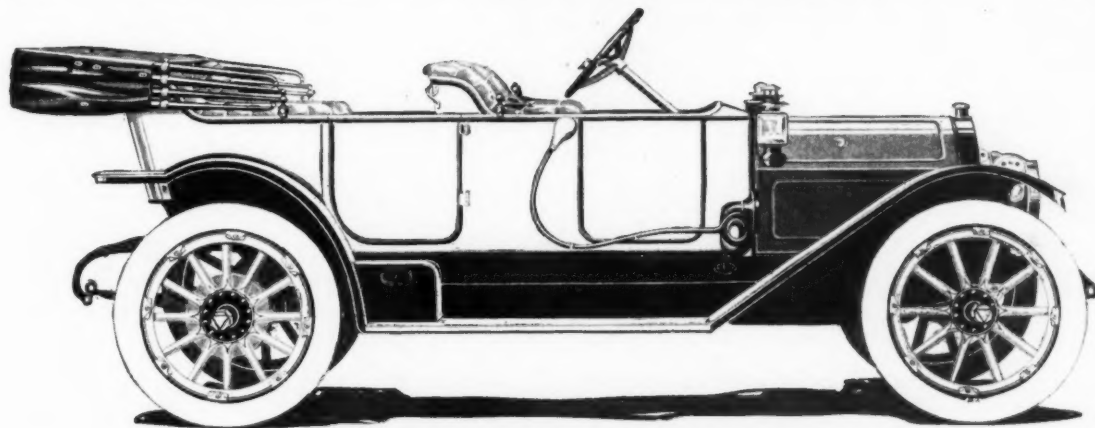
Direct Factory Branches In 30 Cities



(Trust Magnate): "YES, THIS CERTAINLY IS GLORIOUS WEATHER, EVEN IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF."



# The 1912 HUDSON "33"



## "33" Touring Car, \$1600 Complete

A large, handsome car, which accommodates five passengers without crowding; is furnished with Bosch magneto and storage battery, genuine mohair top, glass wind shield, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons. Inside control, full lamp equipment with Prest-O-Lite tank, big, beautiful lamps enameled black. Robe and foot rails, cocoa floor mat. Tool box on running board. Tools, license number holders. Tire repair kit, etc.

## Why the Value is Even Greater this Year

### Extraordinary Things Have Been Done to Accomplish This Result—See What They Are

The above is an illustration of the HUDSON "33" 1912 Touring Car. There are three other models.

This cut indicates as well as can be done by picture, the great beauty of the car, which for the past year has been the most talked about automobile in America. It is impossible to show by drawing or photograph, all the improvements that have been added to the 1912 models.

The best way to understand why it is a greater value than was the 1911 car, is to know what was done to produce that result. By telling you that, you can appreciate this new value more than would be possible either by illustration or by description.

The Engineering Board of HUDSON Motor Car Company is made up of the largest number of experts ever employed by any one manufacturer. These men are specialists in many different branches of automobile engineering. At the head of this staff of experts is Howard E. Coffin, the man responsible for the HUDSON "33."

Before this board of specialists is brought every suggestion for the improvement and betterment of HUDSON cars. Each of these experts has won his way by the work he has done. Each man knows something which others don't know. Each has done something which others have not done.

### Owners Have Helped

Hundreds of owners gave detailed accounts of their experiences with the "33." What they reported was tabulated and so when work was started, we had accurate information upon which to base our plans for the 1912 car.

Each suggestion was thoroughly considered by the Board of Engineers. Then Mr. Coffin instructed these specialists to do what they could to make the 1912 car a greater value than was that of 1911. Each man was assigned to some particular work. One was instructed to add to the beauty of the car. Another devoted his time to working out ideas that would add to the convenience the car would afford to passengers.

### Went To Europe for Ideas

One man went to Europe to get ideas. He visited the leading factories there and attended the great Paris and London Automobile Shows. He wanted to see how makers abroad were building their cars. He came back with a trunk full of notes.

A specialist on carburetion went into the laboratories of the largest carburetor manufacturer and with the experts there worked out an improved system, which has resulted in greater power and economy for the motor. So exhaustive were his tests that he called in the chemists and experts of the Standard Oil Company and had their assistance in determining what was needed for obtaining an increased

efficiency from the ever decreasing quality of gasoline. No work could have been more complete than that which these men did.

### All Submitted To Experts

Then Mr. Coffin called them all into session and for days the suggestions of each expert was submitted to the consideration of his associates. In this way many additional ideas were brought out. No suggestion was accepted that did not meet with the unanimous approval of the Engineering Board. If there was any doubt about the value of any feature, it was tried out by actual tests on cars built especially for that purpose.

Then the first 1912 car was built and all the ideas adopted were proven in a service ten times more severe than any individual would ever think of demanding of his car.

The result of all that careful, accurate planning and testing, under the inspiration of Howard E. Coffin, is the 1912 HUDSON "33."

### Yet There Was Little Change

You might conclude from this that the car is totally different from that of last year. As a matter of fact, however, there has been little change in the essential of its design. In a few places the simplicity of the original model has been made even more simple. A few more parts have been eliminated and a great deal has been accomplished in the way of smoother, quieter operation. The 1911 "33" is famed as being as quiet as any car ever built. This year sound has been made even less noticeable.

The equipment is of a much better grade. If you will ride in the two models you will observe the greater motor flexibility of the 1912 car. You can see an increased value in the quality of upholstery, in the higher grade painting, but you cannot so easily appreciate the improvements that have been made in the quality of materials, in the fineness of the metals and the character of the workmanship.

Last year the HUDSON "33" established such a mark for its simplicity, power, sturdiness and general value that it won its way wherever buyers gave close attention to its details.

### 687 Sold in a Day

The first day the HUDSON "33" was put on sale orders were taken by dealers throughout the country for 687 cars. All were bona-fide sales that were made without, in most cases, even a demonstration.

At the close of the season there were orders on hand for more than 2,000 in excess of the number we could build. Even before a single 1912 model was shown dealers had deposits in hand from their customers who thus had assured themselves an early delivery of the latest model.

### See the Triangle on the Radiator

## HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7081 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit

### All Makers Give Quality—Not All, Tho, Have Engineering Cleverness

We believe all makers are building the best cars they are able to build for the money. Competition guarantees that. But willingness to furnish good quality does not assure that that is being done. Skill, experience and an efficient organization is necessary. All engineers do not possess the same degree of cleverness—or experience. Capital will buy modern machinery. It will secure the best of materials, but it will not always get the best engineering brains.

Design is the basis of all good value. Without that the car is only partly right. All experienced automobilists know that. Everyone in the trade knows Howard E. Coffin to be the greatest designer of automobiles this country has ever produced. Everyone in the business knows equally as well that the organization which makes up the control of the HUDSON Motor Car Company has built all the cars Mr. Coffin has designed. Each of these cars was a leader until Mr. Coffin made it less desirable by the production of a car more modern and of greater value.

Millions of dollars have been put into HUDSON cars by experienced buyers, just because of their confidence in the designer, the engineers who are his assistants and the company and organization that is building the cars. These buyers have asked for no details. Expert as some of them are, they have not depended upon their own judgment so much as they have been influenced by their knowledge of the men who are responsible for the HUDSON "33."

### Choose Your Car That Way

If you accept that suggestion and then look for a car of reputation, just remember that standards of values change and that consequently the car you thought well of a few months ago, may now be selling at a lower price because the more modern HUDSON "33" has established a new era in motor car designing.

### Why You Should Not Delay

You have your choice of many automobiles. The most desirable cars will be taken first. Last year's popularity indicates a heavy demand for this greater value of the 1912 model.

By taking a "33" now you can use it all summer, fall and winter and still have an up-to-date car in the spring. Many HUDSON dealers have booked orders for the 1912 model even before they knew its details. We advise immediate action if you are to get prompt delivery of the only advanced car of the past three years.

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Strong in flavor, but not offensive.

A delicate morsel, refreshing the mouth and throat and allaying after-dinner or after-smoking distress. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.



For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



### OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



#### A Query

There was a man in our town,  
Who was not always wise.  
He bought his wife a party gown,  
All full of hooks and eyes.  
And when he had it all hooked up,  
With all his might and main,  
He wondered if he ever could  
Unhook that gown again.

—London Opinion.

#### He Wanted to Learn How

BURGLAR: Don't shoot me, sir.  
HOUSEHOLDER: On one condition, that  
you tell me how you got in without  
waking my wife.—Pele Mele.

#### On Second Washing

"I've just washed out a suit for my  
little boy—and now it seems too tight  
for him."  
"He'll fit it all right, if you'll wash  
the boy."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

JACOB CASH of Chicago, after acquiring a large fortune, decided to set up a library. Accordingly he sent for a bookseller and ordered 10,000 volumes, all to be as fine and handsome as possible. "Very good, sir," said the bookseller. "I'll give you nothing but standard books. I suggest that half of them be bound in russia and half in morocco." "No, no," said Jacob Cash. "I'm an out-and-out protectionist, I am. Let 'em all be bound in America."—Argonaut.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

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PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.  
Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.  
MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,  
43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.  
Cables—"Travelling."



#### A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

### SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
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All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.  
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## SCHOOL AT HOME Educate Your Child at Home

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**CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.**

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A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated entirely at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information, write, stating age of child, to CALVERT SCHOOL, 4 West Chase St., Baltimore, Md. V. M. Hillyer, A. B. (Harvard,) Headmaster



GRAN PAW'S EYESIGHT AIN'T WHAT IT  
USED TO BE

#### The Fast Flying Red Devil

A dishevelled citizen rushed into a Boston police station Saturday afternoon, and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he sputtered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

—Boston Traveller.

#### He Knew

TEACHER: Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?

TOMMY: A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.—Lippincott's.

#### A Welcome Relief

"There is one time of year when I really enjoy work."

"And when is that?"

"For two or three days after coming back from vacation."—Pittsburg Post.

## Rhymed Reviews

### The Legacy

(By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company)

Since all the Breens though poor are proud,  
'Tis not considered wholly decent  
Among the clan to speak out loud  
Of sundry Breens, remote and recent.

As Time revealed to Letty Breen,  
Her Grandpapa was weak though haughty;  
Her father's hands were far from clean,  
Her father's Grandmama was naughty.

So, down through page three-ninety-four  
She disciplines her soul in sections,  
To rise at last triumphant o'er  
Hereditary imperfections.

She married gentle Mr. Jack  
But held herself a bit above him—  
A kindly, figure-adding hack,  
She liked him well, but could not love him.

Then up came Daniel Webster Gates,  
A millionaire and man of fashion,  
Who gave her gloves and sweets in crates  
And ardently declared his passion.

Though Letty thought him rather nice,  
She did not actively abet him;  
But when he kissed her once or twice,  
Well, most politely, Letty let him.

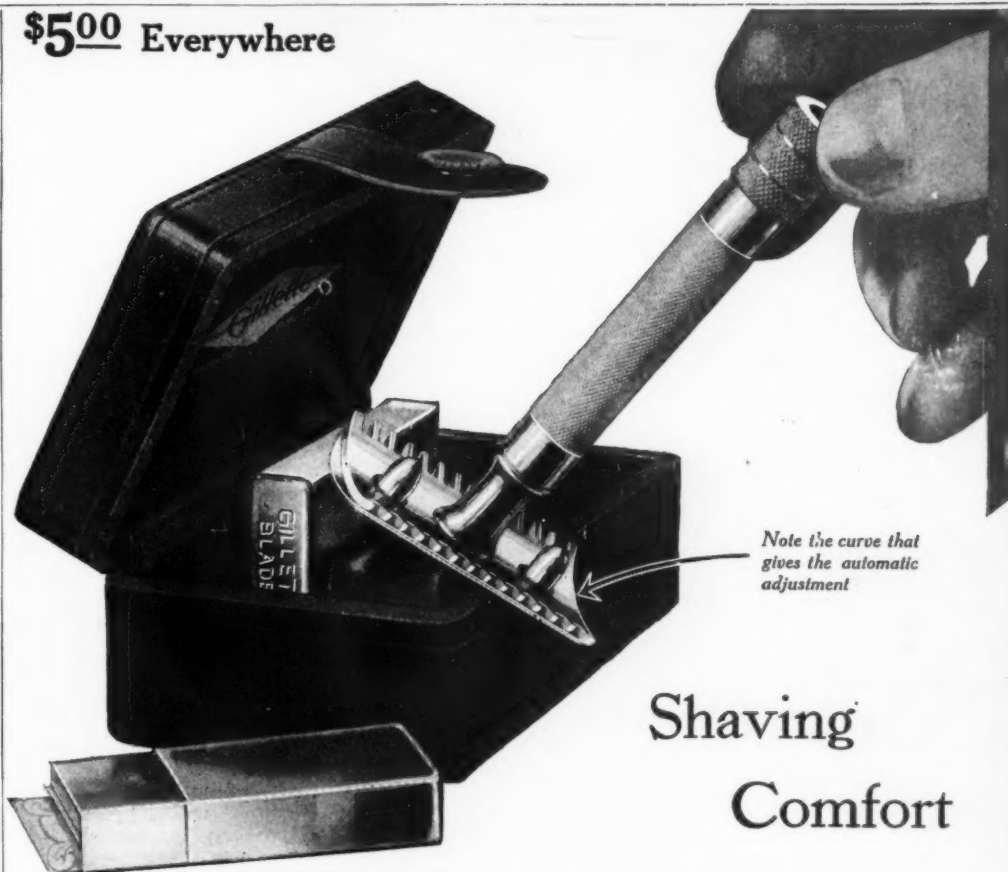
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No Metal Can Touch You



Look for the Name  
**PARIS**  
in every Garter  
STEIN & CO.  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.  
The Choice of  
the Tennis Court

**\$5.00** Everywhere



Note the curve that gives the automatic adjustment

Shaving  
Comfort

# Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

A razor is not bought for a day, but for a lifetime of use. Daily comfort should therefore be considered as an economical factor. A comfortable shave is a safe shave, clean, quick, soothing and satisfying.

The GILLETTE lasts a lifetime and is the only razor that insures you a comfortable shave—because it is the simplest and strongest razor made and the only adjustable razor. You simply adjust it for a light or close shave or a tender skin—and shave. No delay, no stropping nor honing and no irritation.

Send postal for our free 1911 Baseball or Golf Booklet

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Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China.  
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.  
Combination and Travelers' Sets, \$6.00 to \$50.00.  
"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor."

Ask your dealer to show you the GILLETTE Line.  
**NO STROPPING - NO HONING**



But, just in time, her husband fell  
And sprained his dear old cerebellum,  
And Letty nursed him just as well  
As though she held a doctor's vellum.

To pay the bills she kept a store;  
Yet even after death bereft her  
Of Jack and Gates, she still forbore  
To take some thousands Gates had left her.

Now Jim, another millionaire,  
Who calls his little daughter "Kiddo,"  
Her childhood's lover, rough but square,  
Appears and weds the charming widow.

The tale is lit with clever gleams  
And well fulfills the writer's mission;  
But, on the level, Letty seems  
A very chilly proposition.

Arthur Guiterman.

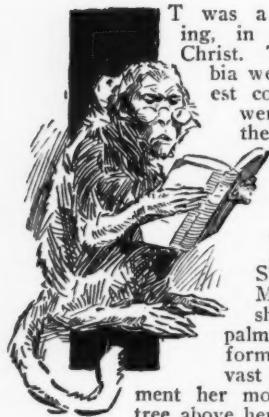




## Sparks From Old Anvils



### The Origin of Man



It was a lovely summer morning, in the year 9001 before Christ. The woods of Senegambia were clothed in their fairest costume, the lovely birds were chirping and singing their morning lays; the sky was one vast sheet of blue; everything, in short, was full of sweetness and light, except the lovely Lady Adeliza de Chimpanzee. She was in the dumps. Moodily she rubbed her shoulders against a huge palm-tree, and while performing this act heaved a vast sigh. Just at that moment her mother dropped from the tree above her.

"My daughter," said the Duchess de Chimpanzee, "why that sigh?" "Ah, mama, look at me!" said Lady Adeliza. "See how different I am from the rest of our tribe. See how white I am becoming."

"My daughter," said the Duchess, languidly, as she seated herself on a convenient boulder, "you should be proud of the difference. It is a distinction. We are a higher race."

"I don't know, mama. See what caudal appendages we have. All the other folks can hang from the trees by their tails, but we are compelled to sit on the limbs."

"We are advancing, my dear. You are whiter than I am. You can talk in your youth; I could not until middle age. Your grandmother, as you know, can only grunt. You are moving to a higher sphere."

"Well, mama, none of our folks will marry me," said Lady Adeliza, pouting.

"No, my child; it has been decreed that there should be a selection of the fittest in marriage. We have offered you to the Prince d'Orang-Outang, who is even whiter than you are, as his wife."

"Oh, mama!" hushed the Lady Adeliza, "that's splendid. Will he come soon?"

"Restrain yourself. People of high blood and short caudal appendages never get excited. He will be here in a short time."

Lady Adeliza went away to look for cocoanuts, and the Duchess sat on a rock and reflectively scratched her head.

The Prince was wandering through the woods of Senegambia gaily singing,

"I would be a butterfly,  
Born in a bower,"

when his eyes fell upon a lovely chimpanzee sitting in a shallow brook sucking a cocoanut. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen. His heart was touched at once. He raised his eyeglass and stared at her until her eyes fell in modest confusion.

"Fair chimpanzee," said he, "wilt not-not-aw-tell me your-aw-name?"

"Adeliza," whispered she.

The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who had witnessed the meeting from behind a clump of bushes, chuckled, and slid off on her left ear.



AVIATION TERM  
"THE SPIRAL GLIDE"

"Adeliza," sighed the Prince, "thou art aw-beautiful. Wilt thou-aw-marry me?"

The Lady Adeliza threw the remains of her cocoanut at the head of a chimpanzee who was loafing in a neighboring tree, fell into the arms of the prince and gently murmured, "I am thine."

They were married in great splendor. The Right Rev. Bishop Baboon, assisted by Rev. Simiader Ape, performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids wore their natural clothes. The choir sung the lovely anthem, "Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister." Lady Adeliza and her parents rubbed noses, and then the bride started on her tour on an elephant with one trunk.

The seasons changed, summer lapsed into autumn, autumn into winter, winter into spring. Then there was a great rejoicing, for the Lady Adeliza gave the prince an heir. The child, however, was an anomaly in that region. It had no tail; it had flat feet; it had a white skin; it had no hair on its body. All the wise men examined it. It was not an orang-outang; it was not a chimpanzee; evidently it was a new species. Then a family conclave was called. "What shall we call it?" asked everybody. The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who was languidly making mud pies, said:

"Let us call it MAN!"

—Harper's Magazine.

Antagoras, the poet, was cooking a conger-eel and holding the pan himself, when Antigonus came behind him and asked: "Do you suppose Homer, when he was writing Agamemnon's deeds, cooked a conger?" "Sir," replied the other, "do you suppose Agamemnon, the doer of such deeds, troubled himself to inquire whether any of his men cooked congers in camp?"

—Plutarch.

Beauty without grace is a hook without a bait.—Nimon de Lenclos.

## Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.  
In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,  
When'er he went to pray.  
A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.  
And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
And curs of low degree.  
This dog and man at first were friends,  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man.  
Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.  
The wound, it seemed, both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.  
But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied;  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is  
the woman we have ceased to love.—  
Lemontcy.

Coquettes are the quacks of love.—  
La Rochefoucauld.



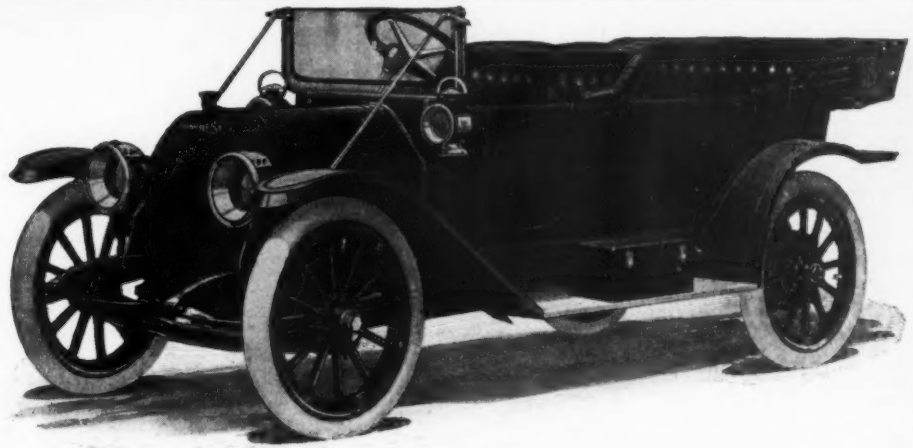
How Good It Tastes!  
and it is just as good as it is delicious.

**Peter's Chocolate**  
is the ideal food and candy combined.

Eat it whenever you are hungry.

Peter's comes in several varieties:

- Peter's Milk Chocolate
- Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes
- Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate
- Peter's "Thimbles" with Hazelnuts
- Peter's Bon-Bons



## The eighteenth annual announcement of the 1893 **HAYNES** 1912 Automobile

**Haynes 40 Touring Car**, Model 21, 5-passenger, \$2100, fully equipped.

**Haynes 40 Close-Coupled**, Model 21, 4-passenger, \$2100, fully equipped.

**Haynes 40 Limousine**, Model 21, electric and oil lighted, \$2750, fully equipped.

**Haynes 40 Colonial Coupe**, Model 21, electric and oil lighted, \$2450, fully equipped.

**Haynes 50-60 Touring Car**, Model Y, 7-passenger, \$3000, fully equipped.

**Haynes 50-60 Fore-door Limousine**, Model Y, electric and oil lighted, \$3800, fully equipped.

*All models are so designed as to accommodate dynamo electric lighting equipment, which we will install for purchasers at nominal cost.*

**T**HE 1912 Haynes car, product of America's oldest and most experienced automobile manufacturers, is bigger in every way, more powerful and more pleasing in its lines than any of its splendid predecessors. The time-tested, sweet-running Haynes motor has been built with greater stroke and bore, giving more power, greater flexibility and decreased vibration. The wheel base has been lengthened. The brakes are larger, providing 1 square inch braking surface to every 13 lbs. of car. And with these improvements there are many refinements in style, such as the rich black body and running gear, with black enamel and nickel trimmings throughout.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we shall be glad to send you a catalogue and name of nearest dealer.

### SPECIFICATIONS HAYNES MODEL 21

**Motor.** 41-2 inch bore, 51-8 inch stroke. T-head Haynes type cylinders cast in pairs, offset 1-2 in. Flexible four-point suspension.  
**Wheel Base.** 120 inches.  
**Ignition.** Eisman dual magneto, with dry coils for starting.  
**Carburetor.** Stromberg 138 in. Model B.  
**Lubrication.** Splash and force feed, oil reservoir in lower half of crank case and filled through bleeder pipe in center of crank case.  
**Steering Column.** Worm-and-gear type. Timken roller bearings on shaft, corrugated hard black rubber rim, aluminum spider, 18-in. wheel.  
**Clutch.** Haynes contracting steel band

on bronze drum. Supported by crank shaft. Easily adjusted and lubricated.  
**Transmission.** Selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Timken roller bearings.  
**Rear Axle.** Timken full floating type, pressed steel housing supporting full weight of car. Shaft, nickel steel.  
**Front Axle.** Single piece I-beam 2-inch, drop forged. Spring seat forged integral.  
**Spindles.** 5-16 inch diameter. Timken roller bearings.  
**Wheels.** Artillery type wood, twelve spokes front and rear. Boss spokes alternating in rear wheels.  
**Tires.** 36 x 4 inch, front and rear. Demountable rims.

**Springs.** Front, semi-elliptic; 49 inches long, 2 inches wide, 7 leaves; rear, 41 1-2 inches long, 3 inches wide, 6 leaves. Fitted with grease cup, both front and rear.  
**Brakes.** Internal and external on rear wheels. Drum 14 x 3 1-2 face.  
**Colors.** Body black, 18 coats of paint, all hand rubbed. Wheels black same as body. All metal equipment, gun metal, black enamel and nickel.  
**Equipment.** Eisman dual magneto, Stromberg Model B Carburetor, silk mohair top, wind shield, Frost-O-Lite tank, five lamps, Warner 60-mile dial speedometer, extra Dorian Remountable Rim, Tanner automatic gasoline gauge.

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Haynes Model "21"  
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7-Passenger Touring



Haynes Model "Y"  
Limousine

### Wit in Women

It has been said that to excel them in wit is a thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in the women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right; if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting rather than bestows it, since nothing

is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madame de Stael admits that she discovered that as she grew old the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty which she possessed at twenty-five; and yet the external attractions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind.—Lacon.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—Father Du Bosc.

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### The Sanity of Specialization

The spread of "expertitis" in every department of human knowledge and skill has long called for a remedy. It is a more dangerous disease probably than "generalizingitis." The victims of the latter are so many-sided in their generalizing that they hold one another steadily in check. But "expertitis" has such eccentric tendencies. Going now with a rush this way, now with a rush that, and with little or no opposition at any time, it runs its course in any of its directions before the experts discover their mistake. Of course no one from the outside can help; first, because most persons think of expertitis as a fetish for worship rather than a disease to avoid; and second, because victims of expertitis regard all suggestions from the outside as obtrusive ignorance.—*Chicago Public.*

The above may be a slight attack of "generalizingitis," but on the whole it seems to be pretty sane.



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CH. CHARLEMAGNE

## The Tale of Two Bores

One of the club bores (there were two) had entered, and the other members, like startled fish in an aquarium, were scattering silently hither and thither, hiding as best they could in nooks and crannies, behind mosses and palms.

Thus in the grill room, behind a copper-colored screen, one member spoke to the other.

"Yesterday," he whispered, "he told me a long, ponderously humorous story, with all the awful details. What agony I suffered! The climax loomed ahead, but oh! the way was long and dreary!"

"That's his specialty," said the other member "No one excels him in the length and tediousness of his funny stories. But—have you met the other?"

"What other?"

"Why the other professional bore. There are two. Our club has been peculiarly branded by fate. We have a double dose. Oh! the other—if such a thing can be—is worse than this one. His specialty is intimate personal revelations. You should hear his description of an illness he once had."

The other man shuddered. His companion suddenly gripped his arm.

"There!" he muttered, "there he is now, looking about for some one to devour."

"Do they know each other?"

"I think not."

The other man chuckled softly.

"The chance of our lives," he exclaimed. "We may save the club yet. Let us brave the consequences. Let us bring them together."

Inspired with this idea, they sallied forth from their retreat. They marched boldly up to the enemy.

"Come, sir, there is a man you must meet. He is one of your kind."

They dragged him upstairs. The other bore was sitting alone in the library, calmly smoking, waiting for a victim.

"Here, sir, let me present—"

"This gentleman has long wanted to meet you. He is Mr.—"

"Yes, sir, now sit down and enjoy each other. We must be going. We have engagements."

In the excitement the two members, with masterly generalship, beat a hurried retreat.

And they left those two club bores together—to have it out.

When they had mentally clinched, so to speak, the members, one by one, slowly and cautiously emerged from their hiding places.

The bores talked on. The evening shadows began to fall.

"It's going to be a draw," whispered one member.

"Now is the time to make books on the finals," said another.

"Now is the time," said the third, "to have our annual club dinner—with-out them—"

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Beauty  
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Then, one by one, they went home rejoicing in their hearts.

Morning dawned. The gray light from the East lighted up the great patches of darkness in the somber room.

"But that isn't all," said the first bore. "I want to tell you about—"

"That reminds me," said the second bore.

The daylight deepened. The club servants dusted up.

Members came in—gingerly at first, and then with a greater freedom, they moved about carelessly. Like animals whose timidity gradually disappears, at last they played cards, talked and laughed and disported themselves after the usual manner.

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And the bores, unheeding, talked on. Christmas came with its holly wreaths, its sense of gladness, its distant chimes. New Year's, Valentine's and the pussy willows followed.

The voice of the robin was heard in the land.

Summer was here. The Fourth of July passed in noise and glory.

Autumn!

There was no excitement about them. They were engaged in their regular business. Each knew quietly his own power. They weren't hurried or flustered about it in the least.

They had just met—to talk it over.

The years went by. The building was remodelled over their heads. A new management succeeded. They were posted for dues—but a purse was made up. It was cheaper to pay than disturb them.

The Republic changed into an Empire. And the Empire into a Republic.

The race was succeeded by another.

At last there were no more people left—but these two.

The day of resurrection arrived. Gabriel started to blow his horn.

"Blow it the other way," said St. Peter. "For Heaven's sake don't attract their attention."

"But something must be done with them," said Gabriel anxiously. "This thing can't go on forever."

But St. Peter, leaning wearily against the gate, shook his head sternly.

"It must go on!" he said.

He pointed downward.

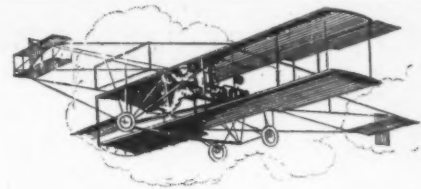
"To put them down there," he whispered "where they belong, would attract the attention of the sufferers away from the elaborate programme already prepared, to them. Would that, I ask you, be fair? If they broke away and got to wandering through Hades, think of what that would mean! Could you," he asked meaningly, "be so heartless as to add anything more to the misery of—"

"No, no," muttered Gabriel, "not that, not that! That would be too much!"



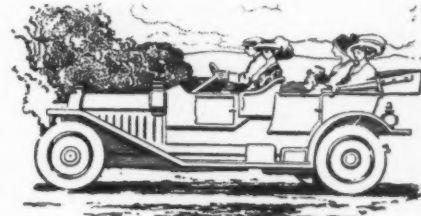
"BUT JUDGE, I'M NOT A MASHER!"

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There's a prim little pond  
At the back of Beyond,  
And its waters are over your ears,  
It's a sort of a tran  
Behind Robin Hood's barn,  
Where the fish live a million years.

And the mortals who drink  
At its pebbly brink,  
Are immediately changed into mullets,  
Whose heads grow immense,  
At their bodies expense,  
And whose eyes become bulbous as bullets.

But they willingly stay,  
Who have once found their way,  
And they crave neither credit nor blame  
For to wriggle their tails,  
And to practice their scales,  
Is enough in the Fountain of Fame.  
*Harman Knickerbocker Vielé.*

### Tushmaker's Toothpuller

BY G. H. DERBY

Dr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more happiness therein by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way; so Tushmaker became a dentist. He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Mass., when a stout, old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right hand side, about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small Polyglot Bible."

"I shall have trouble with this tooth, thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turn-screw, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir. "Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week and I'll draw that tooth from you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw, and put forth. Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building. In a week old Byles returned; he was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.  
"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear around with a sudden jerk and snapped old Byle's head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts!

They had a post-mortem examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot!

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed; and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward; but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and thinking it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so, and the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair! Tushmaker took her home in a pillow case.

The woman lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India-Rubber Woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case. After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Customs House, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course, there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.



HEREDITARY

"MY SON, I AM SURPRISED THAT YOU WOULD FLIRT WITH THOSE WILD GAZELLES!"

Copyright, 1910, by J. A. Mitchell



"He Would Have Pulled Me Over"

## Dr. THORNE'S IDEA

By J. A. MITCHELL

Author of *The Last American*, *Amos Judd*,  
*The Pines of Lory*, etc., etc.

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.—*Baltimore American*.

More than most novels it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—*N. Y. Times*.

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## That Book Plague

PLANS for coping successfully with the plague of books are being suggested by various public-spirited citizens, among whom we are not surprised at finding Dr. Van Dyke. His advice is directed to young readers, the doctor probably realizing that one healthy boy or active undergraduate can accomplish more destruction in a couple of hours than two or three able-bodied men in as many months. The doctor's advice is to the effect that whenever the young reader in question discovers an author's mistake he should immediately throw the volume aside.

As the easiest discoverable mistake and that one oftenest made by the author is in having written the book at all, and since almost any normal young person can be taught to distinguish this cardinal mistake at the first glance, we are looking forward hopefully to a signal relief in the intolerable conditions now prevailing. It is a pity the fountain head cannot be reached and the gallant youngsters allowed a chance at the MSS. before they find their way to the publishers. But this may follow in due course.

## As Others Know Us

DECIDEDLY, England is coming to know us better. That Englishman who gave you a message to give his friend in Argentina because he heard you were a Southerner, and the other Englishman who expected to pot buffalo in the city of that name, grow rarer, are passing away. Frequently nowadays English periodicals run articles on things and ways American that are positively luminous with sympathy and appreciation. Thus we have but lately come upon an article in one of the London weeklies that is gratifying in its discriminating praise of the new New York Public Library. Particular stress is laid upon the architectural beauty of the building, the harmony between it and its purpose. The article is illustrated with a number of really fine photographs, while the circumstance that these happen to be views of the new Pennsylvania Station ought not to militate against the interest of the paper, especially to Americans.

## Books Received

*The Glory of Clementina*, by W. J. Locke. (John Lane Company, \$1.30.)

*Secretary of Frivolous Affairs*, by Mary Futrelle. (Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind., \$1.25, net.)

*The Way of the Gods in Japan*. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass., \$1.50.)

*Lovely Peggy*, by J. R. Crawford. (Yale University Press, 135 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn., \$1.25.)

*The Larger Growth*, by Constance Smedley Armfield. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.35.)

*A Buckeye Boyhood*, by Wm. A. Venable. (The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, \$1.25.)

*Nobody's*, by Virginia Demarest. (Harper & Bros., \$1.20, net.)

*Two Chicago Sketches*, by John R. Rathorn, of Providence, R. I.

*A Plain American in England*, by Charles T. Whitefield. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

*The Simple Life Limited*, by Daniel Chaucer. (John Lane Company, \$1.50)

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